JOHN BULL DECEMBER 22, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1488.

A Merry Christmas to You

JOHN BULL

Have a Capstan!

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D
Plain or
Cork Tipped

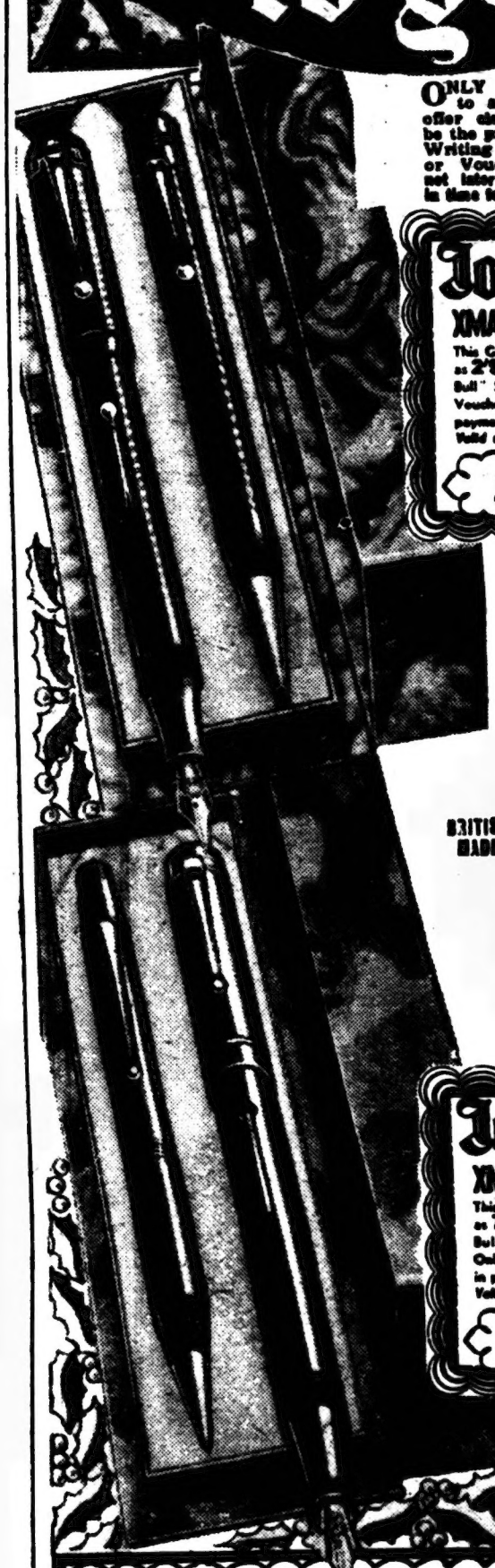
-you'll like it better

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

C.C.461.F

ONLY 11 MORE DAYS—HURRY!

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gift to You



ONLY eleven more days! Your opportunity to accept "John Bull's" Great Xmas Gift offer closes on December 31. If you wish to be the proud possessor of one of these magnificent Writing Sets you must cash your Gift Voucher or Vouchers at once. Applications received not later than Friday, December 21, will be despatched in time for Christmas. Hurry!

John Bull XMAS GIFT VOUCHER — 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1934. No. A/86,782

5/6 for 2/9

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. Written two-year guarantee with each pen. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Beautifully streamlined and handsomely finished in mottled art shades, delicately toned, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with non-overturnable propel, repel, expel movement. Both Pen and Pencil are made of entirety new material, guaranteed unbreakable. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

BRITISH MADE

John Bull XMAS GIFT VOUCHER — 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until December 31, 1934. No. B/86,782

12/6 for 5/-

EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it.

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE. Accept this record Christmas Gift to-day.

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

Fine, Medium, Broad. } Cross out nib NOT required. { Fine, Medium, Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque/Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." Dec. 22/1934

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE DEAL GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 12.

MEN WITH SPARE TIME

The House of Quality.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY! Lucrative spare-time appointments for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best, steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager. FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

Don't be DEAF

THE VIBRAPHONE has made thousands hear!

Our 30-Day Trial will convince you that it is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries, or wires, or any other attachments. Used by barristers and doctors. WRITE, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. Consultation 9-6.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 10 Triumph House, 189 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone Regent 5830

BEFORE BUYING YOUR RADIO —— SEND THIS FREE COUPON.

Cut out this coupon, pin to a sheet of notepaper. Write your name and address and send to Bush Radio, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, and we will send you the name of your nearest dealer and full details of Bush Mains and Battery Super-Hets from £10.19.6. J.B.6

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH

This Milanese Bracelet FREE. Send 1/- NOW for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome Chromium-plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft anti-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain. Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent over-winding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lever Set and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 12/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Popular model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers.—Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On sale all in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6, same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.A.10), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. (Opposite Gloves)

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes: how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.7), 32, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

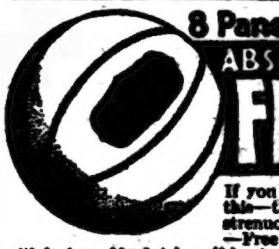
BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

Genuine Testimonials: "Such a unique and valuable course is worth its weight in gold." "It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature." "Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 11) 40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

8 Panel 'Club' Ball ABSOLUTELY FREE

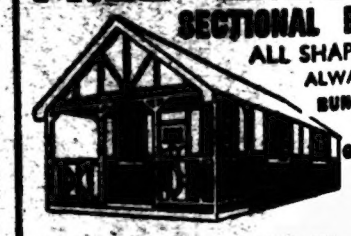


If you enjoy a 'punt' get this—the ideal ball for a strenuous game of 'footer'—Free. Full Size complete with lacing. Absolutely nothing to pay! This amazing offer is only made possible to find users of our famous world-advertised 100% Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type razor blades at 1/- per packet of 15. Simply purchase one packet at 1/-, post & pkg. 6d. Blades & gift sent per return. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 6d. blade obtainable. Send 1/6 immediately—all orders dealt with in strict rotation.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.2), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *Opposite Gloves Central Entrance.*

FREE ERECTION

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS ALL SHAPES & SIZES. ALWAYS ON VIEW



BUNGALOWS from £15 GREENHOUSES £5 GARAGES 97/6 SUMMER HOUSES 47/6 KENNELS £2 Etc, Etc, LISTS FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS

G. ALBERT & Co. (Dept. J.B.) 187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON S.W.2

CAN YOU PLAY the Piano really well and READ READILY at SIGHT?

IF YOU CANNOT let me show you how rapidly and enjoyably you may acquire this delightful accomplishment and great social asset! DON'T LET any prospect of long and tiresome mechanical practice deter you. I am enrolling 50-100 pupils every week, and during the past 30 years have taught BY POST, without such mechanical drudgery, 40,000 Adults to master the Piano, to the delight of themselves and of their friends. I can give you convincing evidence of their enthusiasm and satisfaction. I have taught over 2,000 these last 12 months, AND I CAN TEACH YOU. THE LESSONS are Modern, Original, Musically Teaching, from Ordinary Music, no freakish methods, and arranged by me personally to suit your individual needs, from Advanced Players to Absolute Beginners, enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. If you are of ordinary intelligence I can teach you to play so that you will be welcome wherever you go! You shall very quickly be able to play Songs, Dances, Hymns, and gems from the Great Masters. This may read strangely to you—but I invite you to investigate my claims. It will cost you nothing to do so.

A FREE COPY of my book, "Mind, Hands and Keyboard," and a form for gratis advice for P.C. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced. Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 81a), 58, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

5/- XMAS GIFT FOR YOU!

Our usual 15/- Sale of Bedding for 10/-.

For one week only—a genuine free offer of 5/- for you—send to-day for :—

2 Woolly Blankets 60" x 70".
2 Hemmed Twill Sheets (approx.) 80" x 70"
1 Bolster Case { Scalloped, Hemstitched and embroidered).
2 Pillow Cases {
1 Tablecloth—54 inch sq.

10/- Post Free.

Our usual guarantee of satisfaction or money returned with every bale.

Dept. J. HOME NEEDS Ltd.,
Tipping Street, Cannon Street, Manchester.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

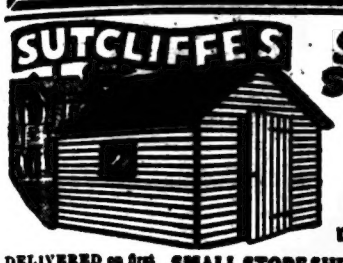
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 12

WATCH CHAIN, PEN & PENCIL FREE!

The greatest gift offer ever! If you are familiar with our 100% Sheffield 'Double-Life' 3-hole type razor blades at 1/- per packet of 15, you will appreciate that they are equal to any 6d. blade obtainable. Just order 3 packets (post and packing 6d.) and receive by return ABSOLUTELY FREE the following 4 gifts—a Genuine Aircraft Shockproof Watch with unbreakable glass and 5 years' warranty, also a real silver-plated pocket chain, also a self-filling fountain pen with 14-ct. gold-plated nib, also a plated propelling pencil. Send 3/6 now to secure yours. No waiting, sent immediately.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.W.39), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. *Opposite Gaves Central Ent.*

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



Design S.S.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Post carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments.	
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0	2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 12 6	5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0	6/5
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0	8/10

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 60-62, Oxford St., W.1.

PLAY BILLIARDS AT HOME & SAVE MONEY

8/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Play your billiards at home. It's cheaper and it keeps the family together on winter nights. Write today for Art List showing cash and easy payment for "Home" Billiard Tables and "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

Rileys are the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

32 FREE Billiard Tables send for details.

E. J. RILEY, LTD. Accrington; or Dept. 18, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER

GENUINE SUPER SOUNDBOXES

RADIOGRAM TONE

Complete Manufacturer's stock of these famous Ultra powerful Soundboxes, list price 21 -, now offered at the astounding price of 3 9, post 3d. The cheapest gramophone instantly transformed into super sweet-toned instrument by simply fitting this Super Soundbox, only found with models costing £25. Durolite metal diaphragm. Non-vibrating. Cash refunded if not delighted. When ordering state whether soundbox fits in or slips over tone arm. Immediate delivery.

3'9 POST 3d (British Made.)

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.S.S), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 *(Opposite Gaves central entrance.)*

SOUTH WESTERN

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

Free 250 mile lorry delivery. All buildings steel braced, and complete in every detail. Free Cat. S.S. (Sheds, etc.), G.H. (Greenhouses).

GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	£7 6	2/6	4/3
10	6	£2 6	5/6	7/6

GARDEN SHEDS.

4	4	£1 6	3/-	2/1
7	5	£4 6	4/-	3/11
10	7	£9 6	5/-	6/3

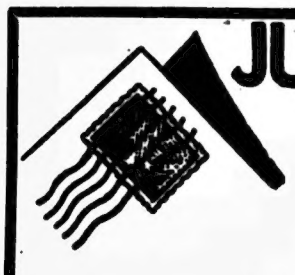
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L.
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (2 lines)

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18 ct. PLATED DRESS HUNTER

Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" models stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct.-plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until £5/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days, £3/6.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.I.16), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. *(Opposite Gaves.)*

JUST A ½d. STAMP but it can mean at least £2 TO YOU!



Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below, and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week, a good Commission and Profit share, and YOU ALSO BENEFIT YOUR FRIENDS—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £.
DON'T miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world. Easy, pleasant and profitable—no samples to carry or selling to do—no experience or capital required.
POST THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS! Illustrated Bargain Catalogue free—Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description at 1/- weekly and warehouse prices.

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. *Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.*

Directors: E. C. & W. P. Williams.

To :—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.
Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.
Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....
J.B. 50 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

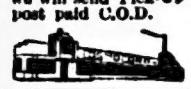
WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET MANCHESTER 1.

Christmas is near!

CONVERT YOUR RADIO TO A QUALITY RADIO-GRAM

Make your pleasure complete this Xmas. Simple to fix. Supplied complete with volume control, connecting leads, pick-up, rest and book of Instructions. 7 days' free trial. Money refunded if dissatisfied. From your local dealer, or direct—send postal order or cheque, or we will send Pick-Up post paid C.O.D.

COSMOCORD PICK-UP .. 15/- Please write for Free Booklet.



COSMOCORD LTD. ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

FREE

Bath's New Catalogue & Hundreds of Useful GARDEN HINTS

Rustic Arbours from 15/6

Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail.

Garden Frames from 12/6

Poultry Houses from 15/-, or 2/- down

Wood, Asbestos and All Steel Motor Houses from £5, or 4/- down

Greenhouses from 27/6, or 2/6 down

Huts from 15/6, or 2/- down

BATH'S 5-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody obtains this MINORETTA ACCORDION Absolutely FREE!

This popular minor model instrument with a full scale of notes reproducing popular tunes is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post and packing 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable, or Gift not approved of.

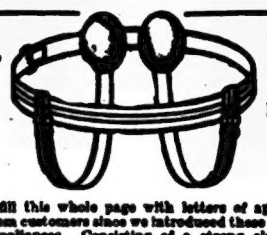
AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. A.J.17), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *(Opposite Gaves.)*

14 Sq. Yards of UNOLEUM for only 10/-

Carriage Paid. No. YA/5118
7 yds. x 2 yds. in delightful shades of Fawn, Brown or Blue ground. Please state colour required when ordering. This heavy quality floor covering has enamel-like surface with red back, absolutely damp-proof. Imagine covering a room 10 ft. 6 ins. x 12 ft. for only 10/-! Amazing! SEND CASH WITH ORDER NOW! HAVE YOU ANY FRIENDS who would like to save Money? They can purchase anything they require from England's largest Mail Order House and you can earn large Commission. Send a post card NOW for our Scheme to :—

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD. (Dept. 18b), Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpunctureable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes :—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B22), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

NAIL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

WHY WASTE MONEY GOING OUT AT NIGHT? PLAY BAGATELLE

7/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a 6 ft. Riley Bagatelle Table, with accessories. Carriage paid. 7 days' Free Trial. Balance monthly. Cash price £8/10/0. Also 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes, all folding when not in use. Write for Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Lane Works, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 41, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

2/6 THORN SHEDS Complete! from 3/- GREENHOUSES

No half measures about Thorns construction! Planed, fully prepared timber, "Strongex" steel bracing, mortised and tenoned doors and windows, shaped gable boards and turned finials. All sectional, easy to erect with bolts, nuts, glass and everything supplied. Fully guaranteed for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Write to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Mthly
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	£1.15.0	3/6	3/1
8ft.	8ft.	6½ft.	£3.15.0	4/-	4/11
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3.15.0	4/9	7/-

Pent Roof Sheds 30/-, Garages 70/-, GREENHOUSES from £2 10s., GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-, HEATING APPARATUS from £2 4s. Delivered free or Carr. Paid in England and Wales.

J. THORN & SONS LTD. Box 46, Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent. *'Phone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines). Founded 1896.*

BABY-CLOTHES 30/-

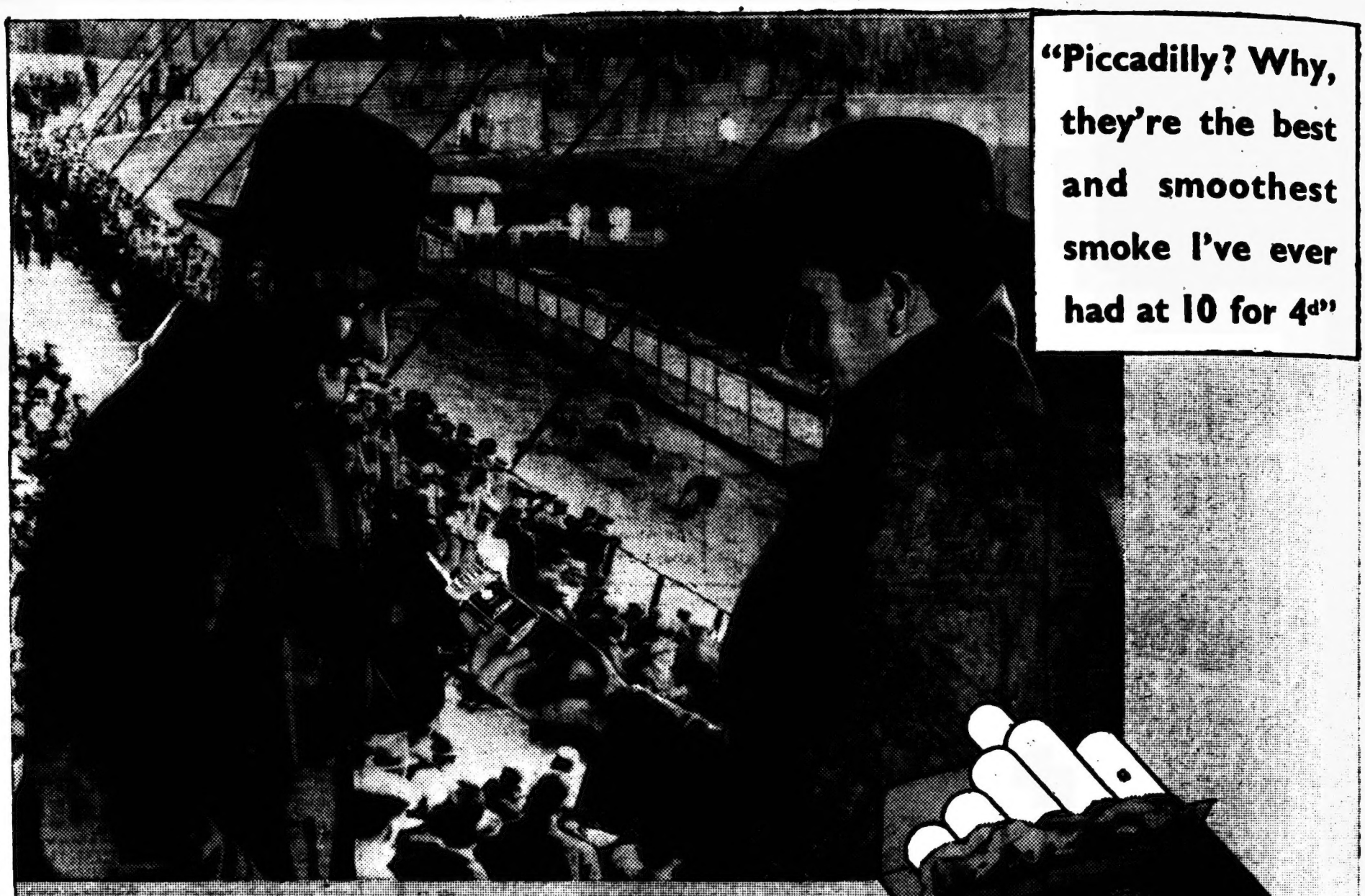
DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY-CLOTHES—IT DOES NOT PAY—LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L.Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightlies, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels Hand Knit Woollies Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL: "The layette is really wonderful, words cannot express my delight. Everyone who has seen the garments are amazed at the quality and such a variety for 30/-."

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.



PICCADILLY

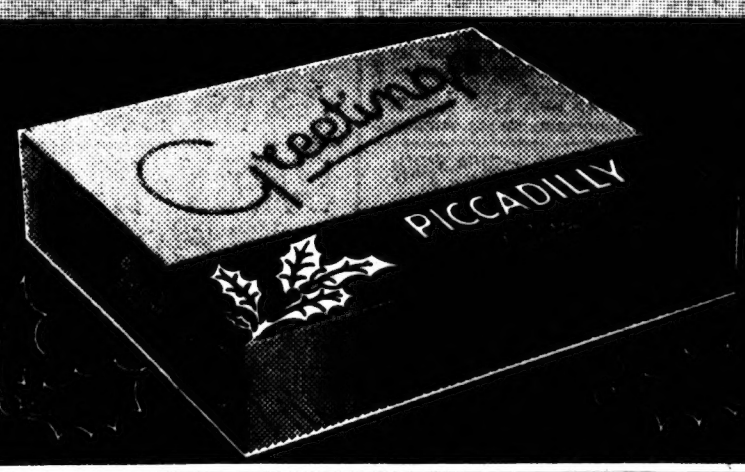
Junior SIZE — SENIOR QUALITY

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 4d also packets of 15 for 6d

Oval photographs of Film Stars in all packings

RJ.32



Give Piccadilly in this delightful Christmas Packing

60 for 2/-

TRY THEM TODAY—*NEW! FRESH!*—MADE TO CARRERAS' QUALITY STANDARD

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, December 22, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

It's a one-in-a-million chance that she's a blackmailer — but the chance is there

Blackmail at the KINEMA

WE have recently had brought to our notice a shameful instance of how the kinema is being used as a new, and evidently highly profitable, hunting ground for the blackmailer.

It is one, we say at once, that must not be allowed for a moment to be extended.

The kinemas of this country enjoy a reputation of being conducted on the lines of strictest propriety. Indeed, we are quite certain that if the blackmailer is here and there with any sinister intent, she is doing so, with rare exceptions, quite unknown to the managements and the attendants.

But we have no intention of blinding our eyes to the distressing experience related by one complainant, nor of the experiences of others that have come out of the darkness into the light as a result of our investigations.

This man, who is somewhat elderly, visited a kinema in London recently and was ushered by an attendant into a back seat, next to one occupied by a young woman. She was unaccompanied, and a few minutes later began a conversation with the newcomer, which seemed innocent enough and certainly contained no suggestion of what was to come.

The surprise came after the performance, when she followed the man as he got up to leave the kinema.

There and then she accused him of having assaulted her during the performance. She also made a garbled complaint to the attendant, who asked for the man's name and address, and intimated that he would hear more about the matter later.

That man, against whom a baseless and foul allegation had been made, happened to be a man who did not fear publicity in the least. No doubt if his girl accuser had known that she would not have sent a male accomplice to her intended victim's house the next day.

WHAT happened there was that the accomplice claimed to be the woman's husband, demanded an explanation of the alleged offence, and declared that his wife had decided to prefer a charge of indecent assault. But as the publicity would no doubt seriously damage the reputation of the supposed offender, he would no doubt prefer to settle the matter out of court by the payment of an agreed sum of money!

It was at this point that the accused man revealed the fact that he thoroughly resented the intrusion and that he did not care what action was taken against him. And that was the last he heard of the girl or her accomplice!

But one can easily imagine what would have happened to him had he—however innocent he may have been—feared the consequences of the threatened publicity, and paid up.

Men trapped into his position do so more often than not, as was the case with a man in the motor trade who went recently to Scotland Yard with an amazing story.

Caught in the net of a kinema blackmailer, he foolishly met the demands made upon him in order to save a scandal in his domestic affairs. He was a married man with children.

His accusers had bled him of several sums of money, and their demands were increasing. He even discovered that the kinema attendant who had originally ushered him into his seat was an accomplice of the woman who subsequently accused him of assault. Unfortunately, he refused to prosecute, and the authorities could do nothing.

One of the chief offenders in this detestable new "racket" is a notorious woman who is known to both Scotland Yard and to the City of London police as a persistent blackmailer. She demands money on the spot, and has even gone so far as to threaten to take her victim up to the nearest policeman, and give him into custody, if he shows any reluctance to pay.

There was one kinema in London which was a notorious haunt for this sort of thing. It first came under observation when a Government servant was himself chosen as a victim by a woman who turned out to have had several convictions for soliciting and other offences.

This official was ushered by an attendant at the kinema into a "back row" seat and later was joined in the next seat by a charming woman who soon engaged him in conversation.

At the end of the performance the usual accusation was made against him, but when he made his identity known his accuser performed a vanishing trick in record time!

A brazen adventuress with many aliases is at present in Holloway Jail, following a prosecution brought against her by Scotland Yard detectives, for blackmailing a man she met in a provincial kinema. She had relieved him of nearly £1,000 before he at last decided to prosecute.

These pests of the kinema naturally pick victims who look as if they are the kind who will submit quietly and without making a scene. But when it happens that their accusations are indignantly denied, they usually vanish in post haste. Their practice is to creep quietly into a seat in some other part of the house.

THE way of the blackmailer at the kinema is made easy by another type of pest whose unwelcome attentions to girls and women in the audience frequently give rise to complaints to the management. He should be prosecuted as ruthlessly as the blackmailer.

We have no sympathy for him. But we have a great deal for men of thorough respectability and exemplary behaviour who are subjected to the false accusations of the girl decoy and the "accomplice husband," who is usually in the background.

At present they thrive on their contemptible crime largely because of the fear of scandal that causes their victims to shun prosecution.

These nefarious parasites would be taught a much-needed lesson if a few of them were hauled out of the dim light of the kinemas into the floodlight of publicity and the courts. Their prosecutors would also have the satisfaction of knowing that they were doing a real public service.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

We Win the Fight for the Jailed Boy

Don't Buy them Gangster Toys!

Two Bob On—Two Bob Off

John Bull gets ready for the real business

TO begin with, we wish all our readers, in the good old traditional way, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And we thank them for wishing us the same, as we know in our hearts that they do.

And now we hope they will join us in wishing a bright future to a certain fifteen-year-old boy who will at least have a happy Christmas—thanks to JOHN BULL.

Astounding injustice

In a recent issue we told of the shocking injustice imposed on this young lad.

He had been charged, together with a Jarrow publican aged thirty-eight, with misconduct. At Newcastle Assizes the man produced testimonials from his friends; as a result, he was merely bound over for two years. The boy of fifteen was sent to jail for four months!

Nor was this all.

Offer refused

Before the sentence, a Home for Boys at Market Weighton, Yorkshire, had offered to take the lad and give him education and treatment. That excellent offer was refused.

The Commissioner of Assize decided that this poor lad, intelligent, though without parental control, should be jailed as though he were a hardened and adult criminal!

Our exposure of these facts aroused a storm of public indignation. Our demand for the boy's liberation was shared by Mr. Alfred Denville, one of the M.P.s for Newcastle, who made urgent representations to the Home Secretary.

The gates open

We are happy to state that as a result of this demand the boy has been removed from prison. The Home Office has decided to send him to Castle Howard Training School, Yorkshire, for two years, after which employment will be found for him.

We are glad to have been of service in helping to bring about so satisfactory an end to a monstrous injustice. And we hope that never again will such a case occur.

Good and bad

But can we wish a merry Christmas to Sir Henry Betterton and his Board?

We admit the good points about the new scale of public assistance they have drawn up.

The extra 2s. a week for the first child, and the increases in allowances for other children, are a welcome recognition of JOHN BULL'S argument that the present 2s. a week for the children of the unemployed is hopelessly inadequate.

Unfortunately, there's a big "but."

On and off

The benefit of these increases is largely offset by cutting down the basic rate that is paid to a man and wife.

They will get 2s. extra for their first child, but 2s. will be knocked off their own pay! They will get 24s. for themselves instead of 26s.

Isn't a paltry dodge like that enough to make the unemployed savage?

Left in the cold

We find a similar drawback to the million pound subsidy that is to help the herring industry to get on its feet.

All the money is to go to the employers and owners, with no guarantee of a share to the workers.

We know the Government says that through the general improvement in the industry the workers will benefit. But that overlooks the fact that through the scrapping of many boats, as the scheme proposes, many workers will lose their jobs entirely.

Modern miracle

The sort of benefit we prefer is that conferred by the doctors who saved the life of Mr. Frank Hardwick, of Hull.

Taken to hospital with a fractured spine, his back was held flat by heavy weights for thirty-five days.

Then came a marvellous operation. A piece of bone was removed from his thigh and grafted on the spine, after which he was encased in plaster of paris. Now the patient is able to ride a bicycle.

Wouldn't that once have been considered a miracle?

Quacks and cures

At the same time, the conservative bigwigs of the medical profession have been well snubbed.

The House of Lords is proceeding with the Bill to register qualified osteopaths, despite opposition from the medical authorities. And we're very glad.

We have always been quick to expose quacks, but in opposing osteopathy the "old men doctors" are just as blind as when they victimised bonesetters like Sir Herbert Barker. And just as foolish!

Hardship

But "foolish" is too mild a word to apply to the Notts education chiefs. They have closed a school at Huthwaite, so hundreds of children have to trudge to Sutton-in-Ashfield, more than two miles away. Most of them are poorly shod, poorly clad and poorly fed, for the district is a depressed one.

How authority loves to make hardship more bitter!

Painful

Yet another imbecility is reported from Arclid, Cheshire. A lorry driver had his ribs crushed in a road accident that occurred within a hundred yards of Arclid Infirmary, yet he was taken to a hospital twelve miles away.

We don't know who was to blame for that; we do know that someone needs a lesson in elementary sense.

Little mother

Now, for contrast, let us tell you a really happy story. In Manchester there is a motherless family of six, the father being a workless and health-shattered ex-Serviceman.

When, a little while ago, the father had to go into hospital again, the eldest daughter came to his rescue. Though only fourteen, she insisted that she could look after the family in his absence.

The public assistance officer was so impressed that he gave official permission, the news got into the papers—and so we come to the happy Christmas story.

Santa arrives

A man drove up in a car to the home of Charlotte Sutcliffe, the "little mother," and unloaded toys for the younger children and clothes for herself.

From other people came blankets, the offer of a "really good Christmas dinner," and several sums of money.

And, let us hope, the New Year will really be a prosperous one for the Sutcliffe family.

Overwhelming odds

Mr. Justice Goddard evidently agrees with us about employment-with-investment offers. Not one in 10,000 of them are honest, he says.

Better still, he has meted out three years' penal servitude to John Holleyhead, of Doncaster, who cruelly swindled six persons who worked for him.

We hope a good many more tricksters of Holleyhead's type will come before his lordship.

The law's frauds

We admire Mr. Justice Talbot, also, for his blunt words on the scandal of having commercial cases tried by judges who have no special experience of business matters.

"A fraud on the important class of litigants who are concerned," he says warmly, "and a public mischief."

This is another grievance that the Lord Chancellor should remedy.

Gangster toys

And we wish the Home Office would stop the import of "gangster toys." The latest abomination is an imitation sub-machine gun, modelled on the weapons used by Chicago thugs, which has been dumped in large quantities here in recent weeks.

As you can imagine from its price of sixpence, it is made in Japan.

If the Japanese care to put gangster ideas in their children's heads, that's their affair. But we object to foreign ideas being foisted on British youngsters.

The Fragrant Minute.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

ALL hungry folk to share in someone's Christmas fare. All chilly rooms to know a fire and Christmas glow. All lonely folk to hear a friendly word of cheer. All those on beds of pain to know some ease again.

All those nerve-racked and tired to get the rest desired. And those cast down and sad to grow a little glad.

No little girl or boy to lack a Christmas toy, and every child to see a lighted Christmas Tree. And those from Scanty Street to have good things to eat and games and joyous laughter that they'll remember after.

May peace of Christmas-tide in every heart abide . . . . My wishes, these, for you, and may they all come true.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Tired of waiting

Its name is not the only thing we like about the Welsh village of Esclusham Above. There is the grit and determination of its parish councillors.

Turning out with picks and shovels and headed by their clerk, they have repaired in a couple of days a footpath over which the Wrexham Rural Council had been squabbling for five years.

All we hope is that they won't make a habit of letting the Wrexham wranglers off so cheaply, and incidentally blackleging their own labourers.

Fifty-fifty

But we have no objection whatever to the principle of work-sharing as it is understood by the generous tinplate workers of Aberavon.

They have agreed to divide their labour with their fellow-workers who have been idle a long time.

That spirit of comradeship will bring a happier Christmas in many a Welsh home than its occupants had dared to hope for.

The box that cheers

And, of course, we're delighted by the Post Office's Christmas box to its staff of an increase in pay amounting to £275,000 a year, rising to nearly double that sum in a few years, and whole-time jobs for some of the present part-time men.

We have been pleading for this in season and out, and we know the whole public will share our pleasure at so excellent a decision.

Jealous parents

We hope no one will have any sympathy for Mr. Thomas H. Spurgeon and his wife, of Walthamstow.

They ordered their daughter, a woman of thirty-three, to give up her young man because his visits were "inconvenient."

The young woman has committed suicide, and the coroner rebuked the father.

We can't understand a woman of that age submitting so tamely to her parents' dictates; still less can we understand those precious parents.

Relic of barbarity

Sir John Gilmour has admitted that the second man sentenced to the "cat" at Dartmoor has "swallowed certain things deliberately," which gives further emphasis to our remarks—on the occasion of the first man's suicide—about the fear of flogging.

Sir John seeks to excuse the punishment by pointing out that it is ordered for brutality. But that is no reason why brutality should be met by brutality.

Or does he really believe in "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"?

Kindly severity

One sort of severity that pleases us is that shown by Mr. Snell, the Marylebone magistrate.

He had fined an ex-Serviceman 5s. for causing obstruction while selling matches outside a post office, but was told that would leave the man with only 4d. So Mr. Snell increased the fine to 7s. 6d.

Which meant that the man couldn't pay and would have to serve a day's imprisonment—in other words, would have to remain in court until the close of the day's business.

By LORD STRABOLGI

"The little man is usually ready to help his customers in time of misfortune." Here is a shopkeeper issuing groceries without receiving payment during a Lancashire cotton strike. He gets his money when the strike is ended

How to Feed the HUNGRY

UNTOLD numbers of people are to-day living on or near the starvation line in this Land of Plenty of ours. Small comfort if that provides them with a different kind of food—food for thought!

Vast numbers of them are little children. They are, perhaps, too helpless to think—to wonder why their "tummies" are painfully empty when there is food about to waste. All the more reason why someone should do a little hard thinking for them.

Those who form this Great Starvation Army have every right to ask why it is that, despite all the much-vaunted organisation of free meals and cheap milk for school-children, we have the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, after an exhaustive investigation, reporting that 23,760 children attending schools in this wealthy country are definitely under-nourished and another 20,000 wrongly fed.

Why it is that the London County Council is now having to embark on the experiment of giving cod-liver oil and malt free to under-nourished school children in the great metropolis, which has 11 per cent. of its children showing definite medical signs of under-nourishment?

Why "surplus" stocks of stable foods like milk, fish, sugar, coffee, chocolate, meat, bacon and wheat are being thrown down the drain while so many go hungry?

Nearly everyone admits that this is an insane state of affairs, and that it should not be allowed to continue. Various efforts have been made to bring this insanity to an end. The trouble is that the remedy can sometimes be worse than the disease.

Take, for example, the attempted programme for milk. On the one hand arrangements have been made for children to obtain milk at school at specially low prices, actually threepence per quart. In very many country districts there is an old-established custom under which the labourers on a farm can get their milk at specially cheap rates. This is being stopped!

Many farmers allow anyone to come and buy milk at 1d. or 2d. a quart less than the dairy price if they will fetch it away from the door. This practice is now forbidden; and heavy fines have been imposed on farmers for selling milk cheaply to their poorer neighbours.

There has naturally been an outcry about this, and now it is proposed that depots should be established in the poorer quarters of our industrial towns, and in what are known as the depressed areas, where milk can be sold to poor people at specially cheap rates. The same proposal is being examined for the sale of surplus foodstuffs, vegetables, meat, fruit, bacon and the like through central depots.

Big little men

OF course, it would be possible to buy these surplus foodstuffs in bulk and sell them at specially cheap rates to people who cared to call for them, and who otherwise would have to go without. But one result would be to ruin thousands of small shopkeepers who, in their turn, would have to apply to the Public Assistance Committees or starve.

Some of the would-be reformers pretend, when this difficulty is brought to their notice, that the small shopkeepers "do not matter"; yet these small shopkeepers are in many cases very poor people themselves, and they perform a useful function in the community.

Many of these little shops are kept by women whose husbands are invalids or crippled ex-Servicemen, or by old people. They know the needs of their neighbourhoods, they are usually ready to help their customers in time of misfortune, and they have often saved a family from dire want by granting a little credit.

They suffer, in any case, by the competition of the multiple shops and chain stores. They pay rates and taxes, and they have been encouraged in the past to make their livings as independent business people. Why should they be made to suffer because the financial machinery of the country is out of gear; because Nature has been too bountiful on the one hand, and a mass of the people too poor to buy her products on the other?

Surely the right policy would be to utilise the existing machinery of distribution. That is to say, instead of setting up a vast bureaucratic organisation with hordes of officials, red tape and general wastefulness, utilise the existing retailers for distributing purposes.

By all means let the local authorities and the Government buy up supplies of surplus foodstuffs and milk and distribute them cheaply to those in need rather than allow good food to be wantonly destroyed.

If it is right to give free meals to school-children, and to supply school-children with special cheap milk, it is equally right to continue the same for the children after leaving school, and their parents, too, if they are in want.

But let it be done through the existing distributors—that is to say, the shopkeepers in the poorer districts.

What would have happened if the unemployment insurance money had all been paid out in kind from central depots? Thousands of shopkeepers in the mining valleys and in the industrial districts would have been utterly ruined. But the so-called "dole," meagre as it is, has been paid out in money, and, for the most part, it finds its way back over the shop counters.

This has enabled the shopkeepers to exist—and through them the travellers, the wholesalers, the merchants, farmers and manufacturers.

Use the surplus!

I WOULD advocate continuing the present shopping system, but supplementing it by a distribution of surplus foodstuffs at specially cheap rates and controlled retail prices through the shopkeepers.

I am referring principally now to perishables such as fish, fruit and meat, though there is no reason why the surplus fruit of next season should not be made into jam, and the surplus herrings pickled and distributed in the same way. The herring is a highly nutritious foodstuff. The catches thrown back into the sea at Yarmouth and Lowestoft this year would have been a godsend to many needy households.

They do these things better in France. Under the French law, when there is a glut of fish, the local authorities in the inland districts are permitted to send motor lorries to the ports, take the surplus fish inland and distribute it to the poorer people.

I would do the same here, using the ready-made machinery of distribution of the shopkeepers. They naturally would be paid for handling the goods, and there would be steps taken to see that there was no profiteering.

The policy I suggest would enable more food to be consumed by taking advantage of the so-called surplus to lower the price to the consumer. The farmers, fishermen and other producers would gain, the people, as a whole, would gain by being better nourished, especially the growing lads and girls who have left school and are struggling for existence in the labour market.

And we should end a scandal that cries aloud to heaven.

A vast market

THERE would, no doubt, be difficulties and friction at first; but with good will all round these difficulties can be overcome.

What is certain is that a special distribution from depots will utterly ruin thousands of shopkeepers; while the method I suggest would solve both problems. The shopkeepers would be kept in business, earning their own livings, instead of swelling the ranks of the unemployed and burdening the rates.

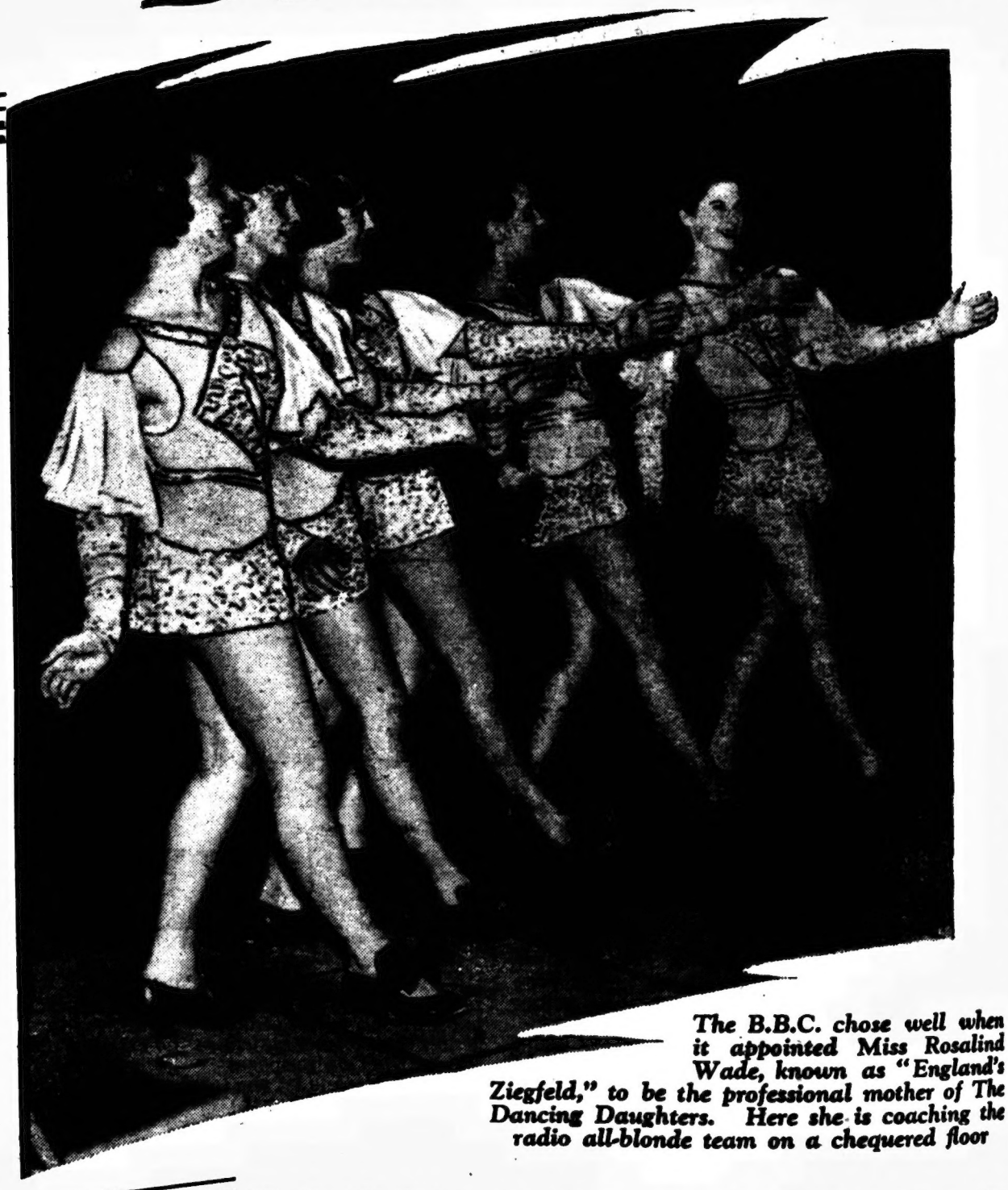
Part of the help given by the Public Assistance authorities is already given in the form of grocery tickets, and these grocery tickets are exchanged for goods in the shops. There is, therefore, no new principle involved.

It cannot be right to flout Providence by destroying prime food on the one hand and, on the other hand, destroying health and happiness by permitting semi-starvation in our midst.

We have the wealth of the world to draw on. Farmers and growers everywhere, including those in our own country, are seeking markets. There is a vast market at our doors represented by under-nourished people. The children are handicapped in their growth and the men often fail through the weakening effects of under-nourishment when they get a job after long spells of enforced idleness.

Let us, therefore, organise the distribution of the so-called surplus at prices the poorer sections of the community can afford to pay. And let us do it, not as an act of charity, but through the ordinary means of retail distribution which the people themselves are used to.

THE EIGHT DANCING



The B.B.C. chose well when it appointed Miss Rosalind Wade, known as "England's Ziegfeld," to be the professional mother of The Dancing Daughters. Here she is coaching the radio all-blonde team on a chequered floor

Music Hall!—tune in to Music Hall!
You'll find an hour that's full of fun and delight.
So, come on, tune in, tune in—this is the night;
One and all—you must hear Music Hall.

For if you're tired and weary,
We can make you cheery.
Turn on the radio;
Sit back and let it go.
Tune in, to Music Hall!

IN six million homes in Britain this invitation in doggerel is now heard at least once a week, and always on Saturday evening.

It is sung to the nation to the rhythmic precision of tapping feet by the Dancing Daughters of the B.B.C., and it will be the keynote of much of the radio light entertainment this Christmas.

They are the team of step-dancers who introduce the radio vaudeville programmes, and whose interludes of feet-pattering bring so impressively to wireless listeners a sense of the realism of the variety entertainment being presented to them from the studios of Broadcasting House.

Throughout their experiments to provide the public with really convincing representations of genuine music-hall performances, the dramatic directors and producers of the B.B.C. realised that the effects and "atmosphere" for which they were searching could not be obtained without the services of the traditional beauty chorus of dancing girls The beauty aspect was held to be necessary because these broadcasts are now also made from the stage of St George's Hall, London, in the presence of large audiences.

So the Dancing Daughters were brought into being as a troupe, and in the eight weeks they have existed their skill has become universally known and admired.

Every week millions of people listen eagerly for their "Tune In" chorus and its accompaniment of wonderfully accurate and perfectly timed tapping of heel and toe. Staid indeed must be those who, while they listen, do not feel the muscles of their own feet responding to the perfect synchronisation of sound and song.

While they have been acquiring a national reputation, the Dancing Daughters seem also to have stirred the envy of every young woman with stage ambitions, not only in Britain, but on the Continent. Daily, from all over Europe, letters flow in appealing for the chance to join them.

Many of the writers are girls upon whose training hundreds and thousands of pounds have been spent, and a large number of the aspirants have already won distinction in the theatre. They seem to believe that a contract for radio dance work will bring them to the pinnacle of their profession.

Radio glamour

The same view is apparently held also by a multitude of parents who are lavishing money upon the education of their daughters in dancing with the hope that one day they will have a place in the B.B.C. team.

Although the Dancing Daughters have been a regular feature of the radio programmes for only two months, they have been known to and heard by the public since early autumn. They were created primarily for the great wireless exhibition known as Radiolympia, held in London last August.

All Britain was made aware of the circumstances in which the girls were recruited. There was no limit to the publicity devices used to acquaint the public of the manner in which the troupe was being constituted.

No wonder that young women clamoured for the honour of selection. They wrote and came in person for the privilege of being tested from every part of the country. An opportunity far greater than any ever presented by the stage or the kinema appeared to be open to them.

From the masses of candidates sixteen were chosen.

Much confusion exists in the public mind as to the method and conditions of employment of the Dancing Daughters. It has been generally assumed that they are recruited and engaged by the B.B.C., and it is this misunderstanding which has undoubtedly created the idea that the girls are in a far more favoured position than ordinary theatrical performers.

It is a wrong belief that artists who serve the B.B.C., either by direct engagement or not, are more richly rewarded and enjoy greater security than stage and platform players.

The Dancing Daughters actually come to the microphone in a most roundabout manner. The contract to provide them is one between a lady named Miss Rosalind Wade and the B.B.C.

But the girls are not engaged by Miss Wade, although she trains them and produces their acts. They are, in fact, employed by an agent named Mr. Kenneth Newham, who acts as business manager to Miss Wade and also hires out to her by private arrangement the girls required for radio work.

According to Mr. Newham, Miss Wade is the world's greatest dancer, is known as "England's Ziegfeld," and is also, at the age of 23, the youngest and most versatile dance producer in the world.

After discounting the exuberant admiration of Mr. Newham for his principal, the fact remains that Miss Wade is not only a most accomplished dancer, but an instructor and director of unmistakable ability. The B.B.C. chose well when, from the point of view of professional technique, it decided that it would accept her as the mother of the Dancing Daughters.

All-blonde

When Miss Wade selected the sixteen girls for Radiolympia, she was able easily to choose from the vast number of applicants only dancers who were already trained and skilled. She could pick and choose also for youth, grace and beauty, and even impose the further condition that everyone in the radio team must be a blonde.

Any early suppositions held by the Dancing Daughters, most of whom are under twenty years of age, that they were more fortunate or were to enjoy greater privileges than other chorus girls, were soon dispelled.

From the first they found they had to be prepared to submit themselves not only to the sternest discipline, but to a course of preparation as exacting and strenuous as it was long and tedious. Not a few were disappointed by the discovery that instead of having entered upon a career which they had thought would be gay and comfortable, they were required to observe a régime demanding the complete sacrifice of pleasure and ease, so that they could be brought to the highest pitch of physical fitness.

The revelation that they were to be no better off and were not in any way to be regarded as superior to their professional sisters of the stage soon has caused some of the girls to become malcontents and rebels. They have had to go.

The realisation that they would not be treated any differently from other public dancers was also brought home to the Dancing Daughters by the fact that, before their first public appearance, they had to put in five weeks of rehearsal without any pay or allowances for travelling and food. But they regarded the sacrifice as worth the opportunity which they believed would soon be open to them. The spell of radio was upon them. They were already becoming

DAUGHTERS

An EYE-OPENER for the WIRELESS PUBLIC

nationally known before they had even made their debut, because their photographs and tributes to their beauty and skill were being printed daily far and wide. Moreover, there were and still are thousands of girls eagerly waiting to jump into any vacancy which might occur.

Everyone remembers the ten days of Radiolympia and the remarkable series of music-hall entertainments which were sent out to the world. They were ten magical days for the sixteen Dancing Daughters.

Their reward

Greater still for them was the success of the numerous broadcasts. It soon became known that the B.B.C. directors were so impressed that it had been quickly decided that arrangements must be made for the Dancing Daughters to become a regular and central item of the weekly radio variety programmes.

It was when Radiolympia came to a close that the stern realities of the conditions of the theatrical profession began to be most forcibly impressed upon the Dancing Daughters. They had been fully aware that their contracts were such that they would receive not more than £3 per week, but the chilly fact now confronted them that if a full week's work was not available to them they could not have a full week's pay.

The Dancing Daughters were, and still are, in fact, bound by that common condition in theatrical contracts which is tersely summed up in the words "No Play—No Pay," and which has caused acute and endless heart-burning in the profession.

To these girls it meant that, after all their weeks of unpaid work, the public thrust upon them, and the triumph they had gained, their total reward was £4 10s.

And the hopes of one-half of the girls that they were on the way to radio fame were shattered at the same time. The services of eight of them had to be dispensed with.

After ten days at the Scottish Radio Exhibition at Glasgow, the surviving eight were taken back to London and put on in successive weeks at two music-halls. The experience gave them evidence of the place they had already captured in the hearts of the public. The theatres at which their show was given were crowded at each performance.

The music-hall engagements over, the girls waited, still without pay, but keeping in rehearsal, for the rich promise of radio contracts. Their first real experience of studio broadcasting was, however, not a very cheering one. After two days' hard rehearsal they were taken to Broadcasting House for a late night television transmission, which was reported afterwards to have been a splendid success.

For their rehearsals and performance they were paid ten shillings.

Two weeks of unemployment followed, still without pay or any expenses for travelling to rehearsals or meals away from home.

Only hope

Then, two months ago, the day for which the Dancing Daughters had been waiting, arrived. They were summoned to begin their permanent engagement under the wing of the B.B.C., and all listeners know how, since then, they have given an abundance of pleasure to the public by the unerring accuracy of their tap-dancing effects.

Now the notion that young girls will find in radio work a short cut to fortune was completely shattered. Their first week of broadcasting under the auspices of the B.B.C. itself brought the Dancing Daughters a wage of £2 10s. per week—10s. less even than they received when they had first appeared at Radiolympia. Their only hope for greater reward seemed to be in the possibility of their employer, Mr. Newham, finding them outside engagements in cabaret and the like.

Some of the girls, apart from their rehearsals and work for the B.B.C., were sent to a kinema to give three performances daily, and for this extra work they were paid £1 for a week. They could not possibly have undertaken this engagement without their B.B.C. money, because the cost of travelling to the kinema and of their food while there amounted to 10s. more than they were paid for their performances.

Equity acts

Then, after six days of stage work and broadcasting, they were required to put in ten hours at Broadcasting House on Sunday to assist in the making of a propaganda film for the General Post Office.

Soon, British Equity, the recently formed but already highly effective professional union of the theatre, saw fit to intervene with the B.B.C. on behalf of the Dancing Daughters.

Following negotiations with Mr. Newham, an undertaking was given to the B.B.C. that in future none of the girls would be paid less than £3 per week for her broadcasting services.

One thing has to be made clear. It is that, from the financial point of view, neither Miss Rosalind Wade nor Mr. Newham can make any profit whatever for themselves by supplying these girls for the radio programmes. It is a secret between the B.B.C. and Miss Wade and Mr. Newham what actual sum is paid for the Dancing Daughters, but enough is known about it to justify the conjecture that, after costumes, shoes and so on have been provided for the girls, there is little or nothing left to repay Miss Wade and Mr. Newham for their work in training the team and producing their acts.

£5 a minute

Any profit at all which comes to them can only be in the form of publicity for their skill as teachers and producers.

And the B.B.C. could well say that it cannot afford to pay more generously. Because there are eight girls in the troupe and they are before the microphone for such a short period, the Dancing Daughters must, in fact, be one of the most expensive items in the radio music-hall programmes. At each appearance they cannot cost the B.B.C. less than £5 per minute.

Another interesting point is that the engagement of the Dancing Daughters is not governed by contracts for radio work at all. The contracts are in such terms that at any moment Miss Wade and Mr. Newham can detach any of the girls from broadcasting and send them into pantomime or on provincial music-hall tours.

Obviously, if Miss Wade and Mr. Newham are to make any profit for themselves from the Dancing Daughters, they can only do so by obtaining engagements for the girls independently of the B.B.C.

Fallacy exploded

The other week, for instance, the Dancing Daughters were called upon, in addition to their B.B.C. rehearsals and performances, to take part in one of the best cabaret shows in London. During the week they gave twenty-seven performances at this cabaret, each ending at two o'clock in the morning, and for this work they were paid £1 each for the week by Mr. Newham.

This was again a case in which the girls could not possibly have been asked to accept such terms if it were not for the £3 assured to them for their B.B.C. work.

The public would, indeed, be disappointed if the Dancing Daughters ceased to be a part of the radio vaudeville programmes, but most people will be surprised to learn the facts of the methods by which these girls are engaged to entertain them. They prove that the idea so prevalent that radio is the climax of theatrical success must be an illusion.

VALLEY INVADER

THE mountains of Scotland are nowhere more picturesque than in Dumbartonshire. There are the deep glens, the broad sea-lochs, and there are the sheep and the cattle ranging over the hills that climb to Ben Vorlich.

There is a cot tucked away in a sheltered dell, and there is Loch Lomond glittering like a bowl of silver beneath the December sun. There are memories of Bruce, and of Rob Roy, and at Levenach there are the remains of Antoninus's Wall.

A JOHN BULL reader who resides in Glen Falloch, by Arrochar, where Loch Long begins, is an archæologist. He finds romance and adventure in the valleys through which the clans once marched to war and pillage across the border. His days are spent among the barrows and mounds, and in the heaped-up ruins of strongholds and castles from Bonhill to Kirkintilloch.

The burn that flows past his cottage is usually a timid stream, ebbing and leaping the boulders that span the miles to the broad estuary of the Clyde. The sound of the waters is the song which sends the folks who live in Glen Falloch to sleep.

But in winter that stream swells, rises and threatens. The roar of the waters can be heard a mile away. A hundred tiny rivulets pour down the slopes into the heaving tide.

Our archæologist turned in the other night, set his alarum clock, put out the light, and settled down amid the anthems of the storm that raged in the glen; but whilst he slept the river broke its banks and invaded his dwelling.

He was awakened by the icy touch of the waters lapping over the level of his bed; pots and pans were floating, havoc prevailed. A week or more went by before he was able to restore it all to normal again.

But in the meantime he had received a cheque covering the cost of the damage. He was a registered reader and thus eligible for benefit under our Free Insurance Scheme. "I am grateful for the help," he writes.

You will find the coupon on page 34. Turn to and sign it without further delay.

You Know and I Know

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to the BISHOP of LONDON

DEAR BISHOP,—I see you are once again attacking what you call indecency on the stage. And once again, I see, managers pretend they do not know what you are talking about.

Never mind what they say. They know very well. You know and I know.

Why, last year, no fewer than fifteen London productions were objected to officially to the Lord Chamberlain, not by foolish busybodies but by theatre-lovers who, having complaints, had made enquiries and seen the show.

This year, no doubt, because the Lord Chamberlain had been more insistent, in consequence, only five shows were the subject of complaint.

Now one of the theatres complained about in a letter sent to the Lord Chamberlain by a body representing all the Churches staged a show which, for months past, had been flaunting nudity in the heart of the West End.

Another is a revue in which a foreign dancer appeared almost in a state of nature. A third show has recently been shut down, after a prosecution. A fourth is a music-hall performance to which I have myself taken exception on more than one occasion in the past.

The fifth was a cheap sort of concern where, until a few weeks ago, when it was stopped, there was a chorus that was almost bare.

Now, Bishop, do not mistake me. I do not see anything particularly wrong in what is called "the human form divine," which is a phrase generally used by people who want to sell it. What I object to is the cynical, leering way in which, for years, certain London managements have staged nudity, not as Art, but as Business. They have sometimes boasted to me that they have "got it by" the Lord Chamberlain. Their posters outside were, in themselves, proof that the managers were pretending to sell indecency even if they were not. So it was either impropriety or false pretences.

I see that several newspapers, hearing your protest, adopted an attitude of smug hypocrisy in dealing with your complaint.

"Stage nudity is not fair to the girls," you say. One newspaper I read seemed desirous of proving that the girls liked it! That is just the bunk.

Stage nudity persists because certain managers know that it causes talk. It is cheap advertisement. It saves money, not only in clothes, but in publicity. Then they go round boasting that they have "put it over" the Lord Chamberlain.

Now this is known to almost everybody who knows anything about the theatre. Yet sycophantic newspapers seldom refer to it. Scared critics are, almost to a man, afraid to say a word. That is why it goes on.

The truth about stage nudity is that it is introduced into theatrical productions merely to cause a sensation, and for no other reason. Besides, it is so monotonous, and so childish, and so silly. It may please a few old men. The rest of the world is just bored by it.

There is one silly thing that I wish you, my lord, could get stopped. That is the new craze, common among male comedians, for walking about in underclothing. They seem to think there is something funny in a shirt. They do it on the films. They do it on the music-halls. And they get paid for it! In a West End music-hall, a few weeks ago, I saw three comedians all take off everything except their shirts and their pants. Then they expected the audience to laugh!

The general public does not know it, but when "Jix" was Home Secretary, there was such a general protest against the degradation to which the Stage had fallen that he invited you and your friends to make a report to the Lord Chamberlain every November, before the theatres' annual licences were granted.

Ever since then, reports have been sent in, after most careful checking. As a result, much boring indecency has been stopped.

Indeed, the Lord Chamberlain has quite recently instituted five prosecutions, one in each case.

Censorship is wrong in theory. But, in practice, it stops those managers who, in a few years, would, without it, become mere merchandisers in muck.

No, you need not be afraid, my lord. Everybody who knows you knows that you are a great friend of the theatre, not its enemy. In fact, you are the only bishop I know who entertains his friends at "theatre parties," instead of at the dinner table.

On the films, censorship has gone too far. It is wrong, I think, about gangster films, which merely record life as it is lived and as it is painted. It has gone, sometimes, to ridiculous lengths, even forcing so great an artist as Mae West to adopt a new technique.

But this nudity business is silly and dull. Besides, dressmakers should be allowed to live.

Why the Stage generally backed up your protest is that it is harder to be cleanly humorous than vulgarly improper, and that, therefore, an insistence on decency gives patient merit a chance. It would rather be clean. It hates to descend to filth merely because a few encourage them that way.

They are in a minority. It is our job to put them out of business.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Very Rev. R. H. MALDEN,
Dean of Wells

DEAR DEAN,—For utter nonsense, your slander on the great majority of parents will be difficult to beat.

"Parents of boys at elementary schools don't care whether they learn anything"—so you said at a grammar school prize-giving.

You have got a lot to learn yourself. Perhaps you've never seen poor parents' delight when their son has won a scholarship, or heard their proud praises of their "clever children."

Of course, some parents don't care a rap, but such parents aren't confined to the poorer classes. So, when you speak again in public, beware of sweeping statements that make you appear foolish.

JOHN BULL.

Major G. C. TRYON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—I hope you won't wait to receive the resolution of Oxfordshire British Legion against Chinese eggs being supplied—even in poultry-farming districts—to the wounded soldiers still left in our hospitals.

Are crippled war heroes so little considered now that you allow a particularly mean form of economy to humiliate them?

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON: Your wife displays text to domestic staff, "We need more movies and less talkies." Since Government appoints committees instead of acting, why not give copies to your colleagues?—JOHN BULL.

LEONARD SUGDEN,
Hull

LEONARD,—I'm sorry that your bride-to-be, who is expecting a baby, should have been moved to tears by the magistrate's refusal to let you marry her.

But you are both under age, you are "on the dole," and your father says your idea "is to lie in bed until signing-on time."

Take the magistrate's tip and ask him again in six months' time. Meanwhile, look for work more strenuously.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HAROLD NUTTING,
Master of the Quorn

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—On Boxing Day your famous hunt will meet at Loughborough.

It may not see a fox, but better that than releasing a trapped fox dressed in shirt and pants—which local sportsmen suggested and which you have indignantly rejected.

Your anger will earn the respect of all decent people, whether they hunt or not.

JOHN BULL.

Major RATCLIFFE, D.S.O.,
Recruiting Officer, Nottingham

DEAR MAJOR,—"Gone are the days of bullying N.C.O.s, if they ever existed, for I never saw one," you declare.

You must have been exceptionally lucky, but ask any old soldier about the language his S.M. used.

Besides, why try to destroy what has become—in the passage of time—one of our most humorous memories of the war?

JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
West Hartlepool

GENTLEMEN,—Christmas Day amusement is either good or bad, according to the point of view, but you seem to think it is both.

For while granting permission for three sessions of roller skating on Christmas Day, you have refused to allow a dance from midnight till four in the morning.

Can it be that you think all grown-ups as well as youngsters should be in bed before night?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. HERBERT LEVINSTEIN,
Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Dear Doctor,—A foremost expert on defence measures against poison gas, you suggest that in the event of another war we should bundle the "over forties" out as shock troops.

You feel there would be less likelihood of war if the older men went first.

But steady! Surely those "over forties," having had to fight the last war, are not at all likely to be war-mongers.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS WILSON,
Firtree, County Durham

DEAR SIR,—Marrying for the first time at seventy-three, you also took your first car ride. And at once motoring got in your blood, and you set off for London by motor for your honeymoon.

May I say both of marriage and of motoring that you went a long time without knowing what you were missing?

JOHN BULL.

Sir HARRY McGOWAN,
Chairman, Imperial Chemical Industries

DEAR SIR HARRY,—Let me voice the thanks of the nation for your firm's gift of a lovely stretch of Dovedale to the National Trust.

This is the first gift of land the Trust has received directly from an industrial undertaking, and I hope it will persuade other great industrialists to show similar generosity.

That would make your handsome contribution to public amenities all the more welcome.

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Rhyl

THRIFTY SIRS,—Never let it be said that you are reckless.

After advertising for an electricity showroom assistant at 10s. a week, you have given the job to a girl of twenty-two who has already been a pupil there for two years. You say you wanted to make sure that she would accept the post, and you are going to pay her 15s. a week.

But are you sure that enormous salary won't ruin the town?

JOHN BULL.

Sir DAWSON BATES,
Minister of Home Affairs, Ulster

DEAR SIR DAWSON,—Don't worry about the criticism which is meeting your Bill to replace lay magistrates in Northern Ireland by stipendiaries.

A similar Bill would probably receive the same treatment in Westminster—but that doesn't alter the fact that it would bring about an urgently needed reform.

So go ahead! JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. G. NEWHAM,
Forest Row, Sussex

REVEREND SIR,—Christian Yuletide cards were easily obtainable twenty years ago, you say, and you lament that, though searching London's and other big shops, you could not find one that was not entirely pagan.

Did you look for them with your eyes closed? JOHN BULL.

GEORGE BOWDEN,
Lot Farm, Maidenhead

BRUTE,—No doubt it angered you to find the traps you set for pheasants attracting your neighbour's fowls. But you revenged yourself by breaking the fowls' legs and throwing them down to flutter away as best they could.

Now the law has avenged itself by fining you £25. And that's not a penny too much. JOHN BULL.

Rev. C. N. SERGEANT,
Thornton, Lancs

DEAR VICAR,—In danger of dying for want of funds, your church football club held a modest draw. Because it did, you have suspended it.

Think again. The average church bazaar strikes me as being just as much of a lottery. JOHN BULL.

The Best Present of All

Is unity beginning to dawn over the old and all - too - unfriendly world?

by

A. G. GARDINER

IF I venture the opinion that this is the most cheerful Christmas the world has had since the Great Depression set in, in 1929, it is not because I wish to say something seasonable and agreeable. It is because I think the evidences that the turn of the tide has come are clear and indisputable.

The chief of those evidences has become apparent—I am tempted to say sensationally apparent—only during this month. It is with that event that I propose to deal.

But let us first look at the secondary signs and portents. No one needs to be told that things are looking up. Trade is better, employment is better, the economic position of the country is better. Since the middle of 1933 there has been a steady, unwavering upward movement in industry. It has been so steady, so unwavering that we can only realise how great it has been by comparing the outlook to-day with the gloom that overspread the landscape in 1932.

And though this country was the first to feel the change, the light is spreading. Australia has had a remarkable revival. Argentina is getting on its feet again. Brazil, Mexico, Scandinavia—especially Scandinavia—are feeling a breath of wind in their sails. Most important of all—for it is such an immense factor in world conditions—the United States is at last visibly recovering from the worst.

All this is satisfactory. It gives ground for the optimism of those who tell us that the world is on the eve of an unprecedented industrial revival. But one thing is necessary to make that revival assured. Until there is a stable political basis on which the world can function there can be no confidence in a permanent economic recovery.

Pedlar of dreams

And it is because the last few weeks have witnessed a great and beneficent transformation in the European political scene that I venture to call this the most cheering Christmas the world has had since the depression began. The event I refer to is the sudden and dramatic rehabilitation of the prestige and influence of the League of Nations.

All but the infatuated followers of that "pedlar of dreams" Lord Beaverbrook—who wants to see the British Empire not leading the world but organised against the world—know that the League is the only alternative to an uncontrolled competition in armaments culminating in war. And it is hardly too much to say that the League had seemed "down and out."

Since Japan snapped her fingers at it by seizing Manchuria in 1931 it had suffered a series of heavy blows that threatened its extinction for all practical purposes. Japan followed up her successful piracy by withdrawing from the League, and when later Hitler, then at the zenith of his popularity, imitated Japan's example it seemed that the structure was tumbling to the ground.

Clouds are lifting

It was this fact that hung like a nightmare over Europe. It made all the slowly returning symptoms of recovery temporary and fallacious. For without political peace in Europe there could be no confidence in the future and no permanent economic revival.

Now the outlook is dramatically changed.

Two events this month have shown the League in the saddle again, more alive and more effective than it has been in its history. The rehabilitation has come suddenly and unexpectedly, but not without preliminary symptoms.

The first sign of recovery was the desire of Russia to become a member of the League. We may dislike the dictatorship in Russia as much as we dislike the dictatorship in Germany and Italy; but the League has nothing to do with the internal affairs of its constituent members, and the accession of Russia was a fact of immense significance. It impressed in different ways the three great absentee Powers, America, Germany and Japan. It meant that the League was not "down and out," but a desirable shelter and a valuable insurance. Rats may not leave sinking ships, but they certainly do not hurry aboard sinking ships.

That was good, but it did not prepare us for the two swift and splendid triumphs that League diplomacy has just achieved. Within a few days of each other the fire-engines of Geneva have put out two alarming outbreaks, either of which might have set Europe in a blaze.

And having been critical of Sir John Simon and our Foreign Office diplomacy in the past, I must, in fairness, recognise that in both cases the success was largely due to the action of this country and the skill and tact with which Mr. Anthony Eden carried out his instructions at Geneva. There has been no better example of the moderating influence which Britain ought to exercise in the quarrels of Dame Europa's school.

Minds easy

For weeks Europe had been in a state of nervous tension as to what would happen in the Saar next month. However the vote went, a clash between Germany and France seemed inevitable, and once started, the consequences were incalculable.

But, thanks to the action of the League Council the storm cloud has been dispersed. France and Germany have each agreed to stand aside and leave the policing of the Saar to the League. They have reached terms for the transfer of the mines to Germany, and the world can enjoy its Christmas festivities without any disturbing thought about what will happen in the Saar on the 13th of January.

League's solution

No less remarkable is the sudden peace that has fallen upon the quarrel between Hungary and Jugo-Slavia. The crisis that had arisen as the result of the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles had brought the two countries to the brink of violence.

And the gravity of the business was that behind the one Power was Italy, behind the other France. If war had come both Italy and France would have been involved. It seemed that war was inevitable, but again the intervention of the League Council produced a solution. Hungary was induced to kiss the rod, Jugo-Slavia was induced to stop driving tens of thousands of Hungarians out of the country, and the blaze was put out. Another thundercloud has gone from our Christmas sky.

These are very great events. And the point is that they could not have come about without the collective action of Europe, made possible by the machinery of the League of Nations. They confirm the conviction I have always held, that if there had been such machinery for instant and collective European action in 1914 there would have been no war.

The way back?

Nothing succeeds like success, and I am satisfied that these resounding victories will put up the "stock" of the League to a higher level than it has ever reached before.

Not the least important result will be the effect they will have upon the absentee Powers. Hitler is visibly shifting his ground and coming down from the high horse he rode a year ago. Germany simply cannot afford to be out of step with the whole of Europe. Her return to the League I believe to be imminent. And the United States, too, is feeling its way from "isolation" to the League. That way found, there would remain only Japan outside. And Japan will not find the lonely rôle of Ishmael to her liking.

It is these considerations that should encourage us to put a more than usual heartiness into our salutations this Christmas

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Santa's Little Joke

YOU'VE guessed it! Yuletide's here again!
So decorate the home with holly,
Cultivate good cheer again,
Say good-bye to melancholy.
On the fire the Yule log throw
Or—since Yule logs rarely greet a
City dweller these days—go,
Turn on the electric heater!

Turkeys have been killed again,
Now—a much less easy matter!—
Stockings must be filled again;
Santa Claus has gifts to scatter.
Many weeks his brain he's racked
And the old boy's weary, very;
For he needs a lot of tact
If he'd make our Christmas merry!

Tact, indeed, has to be the middle name of a man who is expected to know just who wants what and to see that he or she gets something like it—only cheaper!

Having been in business since Time was a small boy, S. Claus has become expert at inserting the hoped-for gift in the hopeful stocking.

But there is always danger that he may give a book to someone who already has one or present gramophone records to a man who, as his mother-in-law lives with him, has never bought a gramophone.

And often the right kind of gift is not the right gift of its kind. So Santa sometimes has to use quite a lot of tact to convince some loving female that a natty red, blue and yellow necktie would not be thought the best of taste by an old Borstal boy.

Or in persuading a fond wife to put away the cigars she has bought until next fifth of November, when they should prove both useful and entertaining.

Tact must also be used with the dunderheaded male who fails to realise that an order for beauty treatment for his best-beloved may not be received in the right Yuletide spirit. And with the husband who early in December buys for his spouse the latest thing in hats, under the quaint delusion that it will still be fashionable on Christmas Day!

But for the average housefather, after he has spent an anxious half-hour reading the harrowing story told by his bank-book, the problem of what to get is less puzzling than that of how to get it.

Despite this, though, unless he wishes to be thought a Scrooge, he must flow with the Yuletide while hoping fervently that it won't engulf him!

Of presents poor old Father
Has made his little list,
And now he's fondly hoping
That no one has been missed;
A pair of gloves for mother,
Young Tom a railway train,
A doll for little Susan,
A shawl for dear Aunt Jane.

And then, of course, there're others:
The lad who works the lift,
The paper boy, the dustman,
Each hopes to get his gift.
They're all so very pleasant
At this time of the year!
So tips must be forthcoming,
Though Carey Street seems near

Oh, yes, there's yet another
That Pa must not neglect;
The overburdened postman
His present will expect;
And so a piece of silver's
Inserted in his hand,
And he in turn, gives Father—
An income-tax demand!

JOHN BULL.

"BONDMAN TOBACCO -you think of everything dear!"

And **BONDMAN TOBACCO** is worth thinking about — and remembering, too! Wherever or whenever you open an ounce of Bondman you may be sure of a cool, mellow smoke — slow-burning and flavourful to the last. The secret is in the scientific packing. Each ounce is sealed in a Vacuum Tin for lasting freshness.

LLOYD'S

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d. PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

SUGGEST THE WORDS & WIN A SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD

Since country cider came to town, we've Christmas nearly here, and here's a tip for housewives wise that will not cost them dear; if they would ——— surprise and bring to theirs good cheer, serve Turkey, Pudding and Mince Pies (familiar old three-decker), and don't forget ——— the flagon of Woodpecker!

Complete this rhyme and win a tankard.

BULMER'S

WOODPECKER CIDER

10½D.

PER FLAGON

(In England and Wales only, 1/- in Scotland).

25 SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE!

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C.11., Hereford, before Dec. 27, 1934. A solid silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in this paper on Jan. 12, 1935.

royds 457

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

£120 in CASH PRIZES FREE!

6 separate prizes of £20 each must be won in a free, simple and fascinating competition of "Fitting Phrases," which appear on pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29. All you have to do is to place seven phrases which, in your opinion, most aptly apply to each of the seven advertisements on each page. Simple, isn't it? No entrance fee! And two free coupons on each page to enable you to enter—12 in all! Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in same envelope (sealed 1½d. stamp).

Turn to Pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Top hats in Lombard Street signalise returning Stock Exchange activity—and Mr. Wright, who, strangely enough, is not in the picture, wants to help you to your share of the good things coming . . .

Mr. WRONG WRIGHT

—A *Vulture with a Gold Mine*

THERE is a man at large to-day who many people would like to trace before Christmas!

He will have a much merrier time during the festive season than some of the people whom he has duped through the medium of an audacious ramp which has just been investigated by my department.

He is Mr. Robert Wright—at least that is the name in which, until quite recently, he was operating from well-appointed offices in Queen Victoria Street, London, where he presided over a remarkable concern called Robert Wright and Company.

This enterprise, which was in existence for something like eighteen months as "Stock and Share Brokers," issued impressive literature on a widespread scale concerning what were called golden investments. Wright professed to hold the inner secrets of all kinds of profitable stock and share sales, and intimated his willingness to share his good fortune with everyone who would repose confidence in him.

Cunning warning

His circulars were full of lofty phraseology. Here is an extract from one:—

"Captains of industry, and prominent bankers, are unanimous in their contention that Great Britain is entering upon a period of great prosperity, which, in a short period, will assume gigantic dimensions. . . . The references which have been made regarding the supremacy of Great Britain in the industrial and financial field are of fundamental importance. . . ."

Another runs: "The present activity on the Stock Exchange has not been seen for many years past. Yet this is only the beginning. . . . Within the next year or two large profits will be made by those who have the courage of their convictions and purchase securities at current prices."

There is a lot of rubbish of this sort, and then Robert Wright and Company, in all their circulars, do a very cunning thing. While urging clients to seize the golden opportunities presented by this present Stock Exchange "activity," the company states that the greatest caution should be shown in any monetary transaction which ensues.

"The utmost care is needed," one circular runs, "in the selection of proper securities, as past values are no criterion owing to ever-changing conditions."

Robert Wright and Company was, apparently, the last word in efficiency and wisdom. It had its own "Intelligence Service," a large and costly staff, and issued each week its own financial journal—"The Financial Guide"—which was supposedly edited by one of the greatest statistical experts in the world of finance.

It never recommended the purchase of shares unless a special investigation had previously been made into the values and interests of the companies concerned, and in every case Mr. Wright was able definitely to prophesy that "substantial capital appreciation" would be assured.

Well, people who took this firm at its word might be forgiven for doing so in the circumstances, as its address was good, its literature was perfectly produced, and its offers sounded convincing.

Yet, I am sorry to say, Mr. Robert Wright was obviously, as now can be only too clearly seen, issuing literature of a grossly misleading nature.

As a result, people in all parts of the country have been imposed upon, and thousands of pounds reached him before he finally decided to fold his tents and steal silently away.

One of my readers received a batch of Robert Wright and Company's printed matter and, for several weeks running, a gratuitous copy of "The Financial Guide," which, produced to look like a reputable financial newspaper, extolled the virtues of good and bad shares alike.

In due course this reader was urged to sink as much money as he could in a company called The Amalgamated Gold Fields, Limited, which, I have discovered, is a Canadian wild-cat venture whose shares are unmarketable.

Yet he was told that within two months his holdings would be worth three times their value.

American accent

The zeal of Robert Wright and Company increased the moment this client had parted with £400, and the American representative endeavoured, by personal contact, to induce him to make further purchases in other companies.

He refused to fall for the blandishments of this representative, who on three or four occasions visited him at his residence, and he began to show a little uneasiness as the belated profits on his first deal had not come along.

To his amazement his letters were ignored. Weeks passed into months, and, at long last, he journeyed to London to seek a personal interview with Mr. Wright himself.

He was ushered into a room thick with cigar smoke and received by a genial individual, who spoke with a marked American accent and regaled him with a host of excuses.

The Canadian company into which he had put his money was, "though quite O.K.," in temporary difficulties. He was assured that, if he exercised a little patience, he would still obtain big dividends on his investment, and the impudent suggestion was even made that he should increase his holdings!

Luckily he did not, and, leaving the Queen Victoria Street office, went straight to the headquarters of the City of London police, where he found that numerous complaints had been made by other people who had likewise lost large sums of money to Robert Wright and Company.

During investigations made by my department it has been discovered that individual investments have been obtained by this concern of £700 and upwards, while one trusting woman confidingly handed over, in exchange for worthless stock, a number of valuable securities which had been bringing in a regular dividend for years.

After Robert Wright and Company had feathered its nest suitably, and as soon as the police authorities began to show a little lively interest in its affairs, it just closed down its doors and vanished.

Its sudden flit was occasioned, I find, by the fact that several judgments were obtained against it by solicitors acting for clients.

Perhaps the most cunning part of the firm's methods was effected through the medium of a circular headed "Request for Statistical Report on Securities."

This asked for information—for advice purposes!—about clients' holdings in companies, but was issued in order that Robert Wright and Company could find out easily the strength of their intended victims' financial position!

When the circulars were filled in, and the firm was able to see at a glance who were the most promising dupes, it just recommended them to hand over their best shares for scrip in some unsound scheme.

It is scandalous

It is a scandalous thing that a company like this can suddenly establish itself in an important centre in the City of London, bamboozle everybody and then close down and disappear.

The possibility is that there is no "Mr. Robert Wright" at all, and that the name was just an alias used by some unscrupulous person who formed the company solely for his own purposes.

I am able to say that some very notorious share-pushers used the offices until recently.

So many complaints have arisen that I sincerely hope that the affairs of this concern will now be officially investigated.

The Human Machine

TRY NEW ANGLES

SOME people seem to wake up in the morning with a firm conviction that the rest of the world has wakened up half an hour earlier in order to see how it can make them unhappy during the day.

They go through all their working hours looking for insults and rebuffs and irritations. They find them. Of course, they find them. The world's a big place with a lot of people and things in it, and we can find anything we want if we go round looking for that thing and for nothing else.

But people who think like this are sadly wrong all round. They think they're important.

In reality they're nothing but walking tubs of self-pity. It's they who have the cockeyed point of view—not the rest of the world. If they would only realise it the world's much too busy even to know of their existence.

If they awoke in the morning convinced that the rest of the world had got up determined to see how happy it could make them, they'd still be wrong. But they'd be a great deal happier.

If they went about looking for smiles and gladness and comradeship they'd find them. The world's a big place. You can find whatever you look for.

Mary Pickford hit on a profound truth the other day when she said: "Nothing in the world can make you conscious of failure or unhappiness unless you think about it. Nothing in all the world can harm you without your individual consent."

Life and its relations between you and the people you meet is just a matter of how you look at it. You can see it in many ways. You can look at it from many angles.

You can look at nothing but the shadows—or you can look at the light that is causing those shadows. Whatever angle you choose it is your own choice. No one can force you to look at Life in any particular way.

If the angle you choose isn't a good one, don't blame the rest of the world for your own mental biliousness.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either Free Coupon submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 5th, 1935.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 24.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

YOU WOULD LIKE
the cool and distinctive flavour of TURBAN Cigarettes Try a packet to-day
THEY ARE GOOD
TURBAN
INDIAN BLEND CIGARETTES
2½d. for 10
Manufactured by B. MORRIS & SONS LTD. LONDON E.1

B

HAPPY & HEALTHY this winter thanks to COW & GATE CHOCOLATE MILK
©747

C

says the teapot:—
"You save money in buying
Edglets
7d. quarter pound
because you get more cups to the quarter—and it is *all* fine tea."
Brooke Bond
obtainable from all dealers

D

TOP MILL
MENTHOL SNUFF
There's generations of experience behind Top Mill MENTHOL Snuff—it's got "punch," aroma, and flavour all of its own—great stuff for warding off colds, too.
J. & R. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

E

WHY BE GREY?

Grey Hair is a definite barrier to social and business success. Morgan'sPomade will restore your Grey Hair to its original colour and lustre. Famous for over half a century. Simply massage Morgan'sPomade into the roots of the hair and watchthe colour return. Also frees the scalp from dandruff and promotes hair growth.
NOT A DYE
MORGAN'S POMADE
Price 1/9 and 3/3 per jar (Post 3d. and 4d. extra). Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from:—
MARIE ANTOINETTE CO. LTD.,
149, Junction Road, London, N.19.

F

STOP THAT COLD NOW
Take Galloway's Cough Syrup, the famous old London remedy that has been curing coughs and colds for over four generations. Good for young and old alike. Children love it!
GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP
From all Chemists and Stores. 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle. Or direct from F. E. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

G

Thousands have DOUBLED their RADIO ENJOYMENT
PM 31
By simply connecting to your set this amazing new development by the moving coil speaker pioneers, you will obtain a remarkable increase in volume and a new vivid realism that will startle you. Readily adjustable to match any set accurately—whether as principal or extra speaker. Ask your dealer to-day. Nine out of ten stock them!
Stentorian Senior (PMS1), 42/-. 100 per cent. dust protection. Oversize cone. StentorianStandard (PMS2), 32/6. Stentorian Baby (PMS6), 22/6.
Write for the new W.B. Stentorian leaflet.
STENTORIAN
Permanent Magnet Moving-Coil Speakers.
Whiteley Electrical Radio Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. J.34), Radio Works, Mansfield, Notts.

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 1

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

Asking for Another PIT Disaster

SOME months ago Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister for Mines, gave a statement in Parliament on the subject of flooding in coal-mines in Wales.

That statement was of a re-assuring kind and calculated to allay any apprehension the public may have felt concerning the potential danger to life from the sudden and unexpected in-rush of water into the workings of a mine.

Since Mr. Brown's statement was made information has reached us which compels us to challenge both Mr. Brown and the Ministry for Mines officials on this very important matter.

We learn that there are thousands of miners in Wales who are daily in fear of the water menace, and that in some pits the position is so grave that the miners have even refused to go to work.

Near Cwmllynfell, a township at the top of the Swansea Valley, there is a mine known as the Nantgwyn Colliery. Recently the miners were apprehensive about flooding dangers and refused to go underground until boring and other safety precautions were taken in hand.

The facts are of a grave and disquieting kind, and call, we think, for prompt action by the Minister for Mines.

Near the Nantgwyn Colliery there is an old abandoned pit, once known as the Black Mountain Colliery. This old pit is full of water, and the miners at Nantgwyn believe that the barriers between them and the flooded workings of the old pit are dangerously narrow—so narrow, in fact, that water is already seeping into the Nantgwyn workings.

Old hands know

Now, any experienced miner can tell the difference between water which seeps into a working from the earth above and water which has been stagnant for years in the workings of an abandoned pit. The water that has gathered in an old mine has a smell, faint but unmistakable, and is reminiscent of the water in a stagnant, scum-covered pool.

Experienced miners at the Nantgwyn Colliery believe that some of the water seeping into the workings is of this character, and, a significant coincidence, water at the mouth of the "slant" of the old Black Mountain Colliery has recently been receding, despite the heavy rains, which should normally have caused the water-mark to reach a higher point.

Following the recent refusal of the miners to go down the pit, a Ministry for Mines inspector attended a conference convened to discuss the situation.

At this conference plans of the old Black Mountain Colliery workings were produced, and, according to these, there was no danger of a sudden water burst from the workings of the old mine into the workings of the Nantgwyn Colliery.

Rightly or wrongly, however, the completeness of these plans was challenged by some of the miners, and two men, who had worked in the old Black Mountain Colliery, were definite that a "dip" (a downward-driven gallery) in which they had worked at the old mine was not even marked on the plans.

The completeness or otherwise of the plans, however, is not a matter on which we can write. That is a question for experts, and even they would be unable to-day to express an opinion one way or the other, because the old workings are waterlogged.

Inspector's comment

Something more important than plans and miners' fears and opinions, however, emerged from the conference.

During the discussions the Ministry for Mines inspector present was asked whether he would take the responsibility of stating that it was perfectly safe for the miners to go down and labour in the workings of the Nantgwyn Colliery. He refused to accept that responsibility.

There may be many reasons why the inspector should refuse to accept that responsibility, but we maintain that when a Ministry for Mines official is not prepared to state, quite definitely, that there is no danger in a mine from a specifically stated risk, then there should be an immediate and careful inquiry into all the circumstances which prompted the question concerning the risk.

The Ministry for Mines has a big responsibility in this matter—a responsibility too grave and urgent to be shrugged away by disclaimers of personal or departmental ability to state definitely for or against the alleged menace.

If any doubt exists concerning a risk to the lives of hundreds of men and boys, then it is the duty of the Ministry for Mines to probe that doubt, and, while probing it, to take adequate measures to protect life.

The Nantgwyn Colliery is not the only colliery in this Welsh coal area where possible flooding is feared as a real menace to the lives of men and boys working in the mines.

No plans

The area around the top of the Swansea Valley and the Amman Valley is pitted with old, abandoned workings, all of them waterlogged. No plans concerning these old mine workings are available; the pits were worked and abandoned before it became compulsory to deposit mine workings plans on file.

Consequently, there is no accurate knowledge of how and where water-flooded workings run, and, according to officials of the South Wales Miners' Federation, there are about 5,000 men and boys working in the area—all of whom may quite conceivably be exposed daily to the terrible menace of a water burst into mine workings.

Only those who have experienced a sudden flooding of a pit can appreciate how appalling and ghastly such a disaster can be. A water burst from an old working into a "live" working releases the pent-up energy of scores of millions of gallons of water.

It is like the bursting or collapse of the dam of a huge reservoir, with the additional horror that the water, although released from its former prison, is still confined to narrow galleries.

Along these galleries it rushes like a turbulent river in spate, enveloping in its path and destroying everything which force can move and break.

This terrible danger is always present in the old anthracite section of the Welsh coalfield. It is not so long ago since such an inrush of water occurred at Brynamman. Fortunately, then warning was received in time, but, even so, men and boys in the mine had to undergo terrible ordeals before reaching safety.

The men, with the characteristic heroism of miners in times of danger and stress, took all kinds of terrible risks to save workmates in danger.

One man displayed such outstanding courage that he was awarded the Albert Medal, while a number of others received recognition of their gallantry.

Mr. Ernest Brown, M.C., M.P., Minister for Mines; we ask him to take steps to remove the miners' peril

—DAILY PERIL *for* 5,000 MINERS

Prompt action needed

Courage, however, though it can save life when actual danger breaks, cannot take steps to eliminate the danger before it breaks into dread actuality.

In a recent article in these pages, "Letting King Coal Drown," Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, an ex-Minister for Mines, showed that coalowners are alive to the menace, and have decided to form a committee to prepare plans and approach the Government for financial assistance to undertake drainage schemes.

The Government must consider these proposals at once; we ask the Minister for Mines to take the necessary steps to remove the water peril that is menacing the 5,000 men and boys.

The remedy lies in the pumping dry of the old pits of whose underground workings there are no plans in existence. However difficult the task may be, it must be tackled with vigour. All the old mines can be mapped out and drained in a short time, and, in view of their menace to life, the task should be put in hand at once.

Prompt action now may save hundreds of lives in the future. Otherwise we shall be asking for another pit disaster.

AN OILY MYSTERY

WHERE is Thomas Elliott Graham, the oil magnate and company promoter, formerly of Rosedene Avenue, Streatham, London, whose ambitious schemes in recent months have caused a stir in Lincolnshire?

A number of people are now seeking to get in touch with him, among them a reader living at Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, who was offered a post as general manager over a plant which was to have been established at Boston.

He found Graham comfortably set up in office at Morley House, 314, Regent Street, London, as director of a £10,000 concern called the East Coast Oil Wharves and Refineries, Ltd.

Graham talked effusively of the ideas he had in mind; about oil engines, tanks and electrical apparatus, and of the well-known persons who, according to him, had invested in his proposition.

As a consideration for a post carrying a salary of £250 a year, plus expenses and commission, our reader was induced to take up £200 worth of shares in the company.

Following an exchange of correspondence, Graham then despatched him to Freiston and Fishtoft on the shores of The Wash, to make certain enquiries and to report on the facilities available for their new enterprise.

The manager put in several days' tramping along sea-walls and inspecting a number of farms, while, in the meantime, Graham boasted of success in marketing shares valued at more than £1,200.

It is now known that the oil magnate contrived to interest a farmer and stock-breeder in Leicestershire, and also that he made enquiries regarding the possible purchase of land.

* * *

But following a spell of activity in the vicinity of Boston, Graham completely disappeared. The man who was to have been general manager to the new plant could obtain no reply to letters. Enquiries made at the offices the company had leased at Morley House, 314, Regent Street, London, revealed that they were now vacant.

No names and addresses of shareholders in East Coast Oil Wharves and Refineries, Ltd., are to be found recorded in Somerset House, and letters sent to the villa Graham occupied in Rosedene Avenue, Streatham, have been returned marked "gone away."

Solicitors, farmers, and a debtor who took action in the county court are anxiously seeking him.

He is an individual whose recent activities should be fully investigated by the responsible authorities without delay.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

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CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 5th, 1935.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 24.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Your hair looks best... Julysia dressed

The "cream of hairdressings" puts your hair in its place, and keeps it immaculate throughout the most strenuous day, without gumming or starching. All well-dressed men use Julysia Hair Cream. Get a bottle to-day. From all good Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores. 1/- and 1/6 (Sample size 6d.)

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM
The Cream of Hairdressings

B

The Current Thief eats up your Light
And robs your meter every night
A Philips Lamp in every socket
Would be much easier on your pocket.

PHILIPS "Natural Light" LAMPS
Philips Lamps, Ltd., 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

C

PROTECT THEM *through the winter months*—

DUTTONS brand CHEST AND LUNG MIXTURE or SYRUP OF LINSEED & LIQUORICE is really wonderful for relieving chests and lungs. Its medicinal ingredients so the inflamed membranes and quickly kill the germs.

Duttons BRAND

CHEST & LUNG MIXTURE or SYRUP OF LINSEED AND LIQUORICE

6D. & 1/- PER BOTTLE

Sold by Boots, Taylors, Grocers and all Co-operative Societies

D

Do As I Did—
FIX A PIX
to Your Aerial and ENJOY FOREIGN STATIONS

WITH HANDY HOLDER 2/6

Rid your set of that annoying muzziness that spoils reception: and get the station you want to hear clear as a bell, free of background and overlap. With a Pix you will be surprised how sharply your set tunes, and delighted at the number of stations you can hear free of interference.

OVER 1,500,000 LISTENERS use a Pix to get better radio. Why not you? Try one to-day—send us 2/-, and if you are not completely satisfied return it to us within 7 days for full refund under our GUARANTEE.

BRITISH PIX CO., LTD., 118, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.1

E

IT PAYS YOU TO BUY AT CURRYS

FOR SUPER CYCLES—THE WORLD'S BEST RADIO AND UNBEATABLE ELECTRICAL GOODS AND TOYS—because:—

There are 200 Currys' Branches. To stock all these shops, Currys buy in huge quantities, thereby obtaining special concessions which they pass on to you. At Currys you will find the finest selection—the finest quality—and Britain's Best Prices. Buy from Currys, and make your money go farther.

FREE If there isn't a branch in your locality (or if there is) write to Head Office, Dept. J.B., 24-22, Geswell Road, E.C.1, for illustrated catalogue.

Currys Ltd.

200 BRANCHES

F

Best for Bairns at Xmas!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 6D. TO 3/6

The finest tiny tots' books in the World. Indestructible, washable, and full of the jolliest coloured pictures and rhymes you've ever seen.

DEAN'S *Rag Books*

The only Rag Books in the World

G

Indigestion is MORE than Stomach Trouble

Therefore

to obtain complete relief you need more than stomach help.

'BiSoDoL'

will give you complete relief because it is a complete remedy.

'BiSoDoL'

assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches and all foods. Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of a remedy which helps a weak digestion ALL THE WAY.

Price 1/3 and 3/-. Family size 4/9.
Get 'BiSoDoL' from your chemist today

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 2

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 14, 23, 25, 27 and 29

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

Scandalous CLUB FOR Motorists

Would you like to experience that "Rolls-Bentley" feeling? If you try to do it through the International Automobile Club you'll very soon go sorrowfully back to your "baby"

AN audacious scheme, calculated to appeal to motorists in all parts of the country, has just been launched by a concern called the International Automobile Club, Ltd., of Regent Street, London.

It is the most picturesque and romantic project yet founded in the motoring world; and a booklet now being circulated is certain, according to the promoters, to arouse the interest of all "discriminating people of moderate means."

This brochure, the red jacket of which is adorned by a winged crest, offers members free garaging free car maintenance free taxation comprehensive insurance and free legal advice

If these widespread benefits are really obtainable, the members of the International Automobile Club are to enjoy the most extraordinary facilities, not the least being the unlimited use of many cars of fa' 'is make.

High-powered . .

Well-known models like the Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Alpha-Romeo and Mercedes are to be at the disposal of subscribers . : any time of the d' or night; and what is described as "Service Stations" are to be established in the principal home counties and in provincial centres

London itself is to be "served" *by* such stations at Kensington, Streatham, Blackheath, Marble Arch, Golders Green a Hampstead

It is claimed that the advantages made available to subscribers mark an unprecedented *step* forward in the history of motoring.

The founders of the International Automobile Club have gone so far as to produce specimen balance-sheets, covering periods of three years each, with regard to the makes of cars to be placed at the disposal of its supporters.

A parent company, boasting a nominal capital of £100, has already been registered, wo'nd up and liquidated, and a major concern has been set up in its stead with an equally nominal capital of £10,000

Secret invention

The company boasts a governing director and a general manager.

According to the published prospectus, anyone interested in the scheme may enrol at a cost to themselves of £350 a year.

Those who may be deterred by this somewhat heavy annual subscription are offered membership on easy terms, in which p yment can be made in quarterly instalments payable in advance.

The promoters have left nothing likely to prove attractive to motorists unprovide for. Members of the International Automobile Club are assured th:t an expert technical staff will be available for duty at every garage on the books of the organisation.

The governing director of the company, a certain Mr. B. Morton Douglas, places thirty-three years' experience at the disposal of the Club, of which he is the leading light. He is not only a director of the company; he claims to be the inventor of what is called the new economic system of high efficiency carburation, one result of which is to be a definite saving of petrol. He has other distinctions, which he does not divulge, but about which we shall have something to say presently.

It's a spoof!

The general manager of the company is Mr. H La T. Templeton, who cordially invites anybody seeking further information to write for it. Something can be said bout him, too

"And finally," the attractively printed brochure adds, "membership of the International 'utomobile Club has permanently relieved the individual of the worrying responsibilities with which car ownership is invested."

This assurance is impertinent, to say the least of it, and our enquiries conclusively reveal that the whole undertaking should not be considered seriously for one moment.

Investigation shows that the International Automobile Club, Ltd., under its present management, must be looked upon as a gigantic motoring spoof.

We have learned of the efforts it has made to interest garage proprietors in Bromley, Streatham and elsewhere; we have been in touch with a Chiswick reader who responded to an advertisement offering him a post as "Area Manager" if he invested £500.

We know that a woman who loaned Morton Douglas a large sum of money was forced to take proceedings for its recovery in the High Court.

He regretted

Another victim is a young man who answered an advertisement, and who was employed as a driver of "fast cars."

He was asked to provide a cash security of £500, but a fidelity bond was finally accepted. For a few weeks he was paid a salary of £4 a week, but he is now owed more than £25.

He is one of a large number of people who have grave reason to regret having had dealings with B. Morton Douglas, governing director of the International Automobile Club, Ltd.

It would be necessary to search far to find an individual whose record is less calculated to inspire confidence. He is a rogue with a bad criminal record, who has been in jail for fraud and forgery.

His real name is Leslie Stewart, and he was once made bankrupt for a substantial sum of money.

It is with this certain knowledge before us that we hasten to warn members of the public of the true character of the man now controlling the destiny of the International Automobile Club (1934), Ltd.

As we have already observed, this company has emerged from the registration stage with a nominal capital of £10,000, *but only £2 has so far been subscribed.*

The parent company was called by the same name, and Morton Douglas was the sole director.

When our investigator called on the company in Regent Street, he found that it was merely occupying a small furnished office.

Working in close co-operation with Morton Douglas, alias Stewart, is the secretary and general manager, H. La T. Templeton.

Readers who have responded to advertisements calling for "managers" and the like have been in touch with this man, and have observed that he has betrayed an obvious anxiety to fill the offered posts without delay.

Guilty

This anxiety is better understood when we mention that in a former secretarial capacity he was found guilty of embezzlement and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

It is in these circumstances that we warn our readers to ignore any offers they may receive from the International Automobile Club, Ltd., or the two enterprising rogues behind it.

DON'T BE LATE!

You have only eleven more days to avail yourself of JOHN BULL'S magnificent Presentation Offer. A Free 2s. 9d. Gift Voucher or a Free Gift Voucher worth 7s. 6d.—which will you accept? Don't be too late.

All applications received by not later than Friday, December 21, will be despatched in time for Christmas.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ACTING A PART

A YOUNG fellow came to me the other day with a book which he had just been reading. Nearly everyone nowadays is interested in psychology, and this particular book is one of the best on the subject of the formation of character and ideals of conduct.

My young friend said: "This writer appears to think that most people are influenced to a great extent by the opinion of others. They want to be well thought of, and therefore they tend to say and do the things that they think will please.

"But in pursuing this policy the temptation is to be insincere. A shy or timid person will be too self-conscious to lift up his voice in opposition to his company, or he will carry acquiescence to the pitch of positive lying at times

"How can one conquer this propensity without plunging into the other extreme of being pugnacious and insolent?"

No one who knows much of human nature will deny the truth of what is here stated or the reality of the moral problem to which it gives rise; but there is a good as well as a bad side to this deference to the feelings and convictions of others.

Social courtesy springs from one of the primary instincts. Roughly speaking, there are three of these primary instincts, each beginning with the letter S. They are Self, Sex, and Society.

The Self-instinct is necessary for self-preservation and self-development; the Sex-instinct is not only necessary for the continuance of the human species, but is the source of most that is gracious and beautiful in life; the Society-instinct is necessary to ensure that cohesion and sense of unity with one another without which civilisation would be impossible.

But when any one of these instincts becomes exaggerated we get trouble. The Self-instinct at its worst produces the pirate, the brigand, and the murderer. In a feebler way, operated upon by the Society-instinct, it produces the person who cringes to power, is lacking in independence of character, and whose judgments are but the reflection of those of the people he happens to be with at the moment.

Now, while it is quite true that we all take the colour of our company in some degree, and ought to do so if we are not to be merely eccentric, we should never allow any man or any body of men to rob us of our personal responsibility for what we are and do.

If through weakness or vanity we play up to the prejudices of other people, we are self-condemned.

The way to master the temptation is twofold. It is to respect yourself, and to forget yourself. This is not contradictory advice: every moralist knows it to be sound and right.

To respect yourself without dwelling on your own self-interest or troubling about what others think of you, while being at the same time earnestly possessed by the purpose of doing the best you can to help all round, is the sure and certain way of getting free from that feeling of inferiority in company which leads to posing and pretence.

* * *

As a wise and thoughtful writer of our time has put it: If you can only realise clearly that you have a unique value in the world and a place that no one else can really fill, you are delivered from all temptation to pretend to be what you are not or to struggle to be regarded as a different kind of person from what you actually are.

If CHRIS Broadca this Christ

by
The Rev. F. A. IREMONGER
Religious Director of the B.B.C.; Chaplain to H.M. the King, and Hon. Chaplain to the Archbishop of York.

WHEN I asked Arthur Wragg to draw for me a design which I could have reproduced as a Christmas card to send to my friends, I suggested that it should somehow represent the two main interests of my working life—Broadcasting and Religion.

"Why not a manger and a microphone?" I hinted. But the artist knew better.

A microphone is seldom a thing of beauty, and a million mangers must have figured on Christmas cards since that form of greeting became common—not one in a thousand of which has borne the slightest resemblance to the Manger of Bethlehem.

My friend asked for a day or two to think it over; and here you see the result—twin wireless masts and the Star of Bethlehem, framed in a glade of trees.

But there is something more in it than this Over the picture there hangs an air of mystery, and this is exactly as it should be: for if there are two things of which the word "mystery" can still be used, they are Broadcasting and Religion. Both are wonderful. A great deal of both can't be explained. And both help, each in its own mysterious way, to move the world.

In the title of this article the two come together. It is a dazzling thought; the greatest Religious Genius of all time brought by the imagination into contact with the greatest scientific invention—not of all time, for science is still in its infancy, but so far as time has yet gone.

Nor is there anything irreverent in the idea. Titles of books such as "If Christ Came to London" may sound rather crude; but they give us just that salutary jerk in the conscience which makes us blush for our complacency and sets us wondering how far our "Christian" civilisation has strayed from the ideals of Him whose Name it bears.

So it is not incongruous to suggest that, if Christ were once more to visit the earth in human form, He would choose the microphone as one medium for His message.

He delivered His greatest sermon in the open air, from a hill-top. He spoke to the crowd which lined the shore of the lake from a fishing-boat. He was not particular about His pulpit, *so long as the people were there.*

And where would He find the people, this Christmastide, gathered in so many millions as round the fireside in the home, with the loud-speaker at their elbows?

* * *

Spiritual Hunger

We must remember that He would be speaking to a people who already had heard His message, or rather just those fragments of it which we, with our little human minds, have been able to grasp.

It is surely not too much to claim that He would find the microphone already a centre of influence.

Probably, if we knew the extent to which the word spoken through the microphone influenced human lives, the responsibility of the B.B.C. would seem almost overwhelming; and of none of its departments is this more true than of that in which its religious work is planned and executed.

Nothing would be more unseemly than to break the confidences of those who write to us about the things that matter most; but this much I can say—that never during the whole course of my ministry (and I was ordained twenty-nine years ago this Christmastide) have I realised so keenly the spiritual hunger of the world.

It is this hunger that we set out to appease. Don't think, I beg of you, that we are satisfied with our efforts; but we believe we are doing a work that is possible to none of the organised religious bodies in the land.

Take two of our best-known religious items—the first broadcast of the day, the Daily Service; and the last broadcast on Sunday night, the Epilogue. As I was responsible for starting neither of them—they have both been for years established features in our programmes—I can say that to me they embody the very best kind of popular religion.

B.B.C. Religion

You won't, I hope, confuse "popular" with "cheap"—the "stick a geranium in your 'at and be 'appy" kind of religion is the last thing we want to put out from Broadcasting House—but these two Services give listeners a fair idea of our ambition, which is to be reverent without being unctuous, intelligible without being childish, and simple without being silly.

That is why letters on these Services reach us from all parts of the earth: from France, Germany and Belgium; from Simla and Nigeria; and from every point of the compass and every kind of home in the British Isles. Their influence is beyond reckoning.

But if, in its religious work, the B.B.C. is a centre of influence, it is also, we hope, a centre of Tolerance. Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote a fable called "Faith, Half-faith, and No Faith at all." That is not a bad description of the spiritual atmosphere to-day. And, although (from some of the letters) it might be imagined that our religious services were intended entirely for invalids or octogenarians, that is also the background against which all our spiritual work has to be set.

This is not to suggest that we try to cater for the "average man." Even if that figment of the imagination existed, the only spiritual diet he would be capable of swallowing would be an "average religion," and he had better by far go hungry.

Still less does it involve a special kind of Christianity to be known as "B.B.C. Religion"—there are enough sects in Christendom to-day without our trying to start a new one!

But we should be false to our trust if we did not do our best to put out a religious programme suited to the needs of every type of interested listener.

For "Faith" there are the regular services, and the sermons sent out on six wavelengths every Sunday evening.

But what about "Half-faith" and "No Faith at all"? Are we to lay down that because some listeners cannot honestly sing that they are "weary" or "languid" or "sore distrest," we have no message for them?

It is for this reason that we have our Sunday evening lectures (entirely separate from the Services) such as those now being given in the series "The Way to God," in which we try to put before our listeners a reasonable and reasoned statement of Christian faith and practice.

We have between each course of lectures a Sunday evening set aside for "Answers to Listeners' Questions."

* * *

The Assembly

And this leads me to claim that, in this side of its work, the B.B.C. is also a centre of Unity. If you were to look in at the Council Chamber—perhaps the most beautiful of all the rooms in Broadcasting House—one day early in March or October, you would find a number of the religious leaders of Great Britain sitting in a horseshoe round the dais over which hangs the coat-of-arms of the Corporation.

In the chair you would see a diocesan bishop, and round him would be grouped Jesuit priests, Anglican bishops and clergy, an

ST
ast
mas

We shall hear the words of Christ through our loudspeakers this Christmastide, says the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, whom you see here in the Religious Studio of the B.B.C.

Archdeacon of the Church of Ireland, ministers from North of the Tweed, and representative leaders of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches.

A very mixed assembly, and surely one in which it must be hard to find agreement? Not at all. It is this body which is responsible for the religious policy of the Corporation; which has, for instance, to decide what must be the limits of the toleration of which I have written above; which considers how best to work in—instead of competing—with the Churches, of whose patient and easily undervalued work they are not ignorant.

Yet it is the rarest occurrence for any matter to be put to the vote on this committee; and the sense of unity there engendered works from the centre outwards. So that, when Gipsy Smith preaches, he has many listeners outside the ranks of "good chapel folk"; when Father Martindale talks, he has thousands of hearers who are not Roman Catholics; and when, as happened a week or two ago, an Anglican priest gives a simple talk on prayer, the hundreds of letters that reach him come from men and women of all Churches and none!

Message of Peace

It is easy, remember, to sneer at the Churches for their divisions—by the way, if you want to blame the right people for these, blame your ancestors—but it is not so easy to settle the squabbles of centuries in a decade; and, for myself, I take off my hat to the devoted men who are striving, in every Church, for the reunion of Christendom "in our time"! Among them, we hope, our Corporation is playing its part.

* * *

This, then, is the kind of atmosphere into which Christ would come were He to speak to the world through the microphone to-day.

And what would His message be?

He seldom spoke without some word about the love of His Father and ours; we can't think that He would ever leave out that. Would He also tell again some of those incomparable stories—of the sheep lost in the desert, the coin lost under the furniture, the boy lost in the far country, and the rest? Perhaps.

But is it conceivable that—seeing the world as it is—with its wars and rumours of wars, its strife and jealousies, its ambitions and its fears, He would not first and last call us back to the theme of the Angels' song on the first Christmas Eve—and cry to us, from the depths of His great heart, either to LISTEN OR PERISH?

Read the words again: you will find none lovelier in the whole literature of the world:

> And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest; and ON EARTH PEACE

Lesson to Learn

We shall hear those words in our churches and chapels, and through our loudspeakers, this Christmastide. CAN WE LIVE UP TO THEM? Or is our civilisation going the way of all the others, tumbling in God knows what unimaginable ruin about our own and our children's ears?

But surely all this was not necessary? Wasn't it rather like taking a six-inch gun to shoot sparrows? Did it really need bursting heavens and chanting angels to persuade the world of the glories of peace?

Certainly not. But it did (and does) need this—and much more—to convince it that peace is something which humanity by itself can never reach. That is the lesson man still has to learn. And that is why, at the first Christmastide, the heavens were opened and God came to live among men.

It is indeed odd to find the belief still common that peace is one of those blessings which will come quite "naturally," if only we give it time enough—or collect enough signatures! If there is one truth that the world must grasp, before it can lay any solid foundations on which generations yet unborn can build, it is that PEACE IS NOT NATURAL. It is natural to fight. In the jungle—which is much more "natural" than Park Lane or the East India Dock Road—nature is "red in tooth and claw."

PEACE IS SUPERNATURAL: that is why Christ specially commended it. It would give many listeners a shock, if they were to hear the greatest of all sermons through their loudspeakers this Christmastide, to find how few of the "natural" virtues Christ extolled.

He did not say—Blessed are the brave, Blessed are the generous, Blessed are those who will never let their pals down. Not that He did not believe in these virtues or practise them: for none was ever more brave, more generous, or more loyal to his friends. But He took these virtues for granted. Those whom He held up as blessed (or happy) were the meek, the merciful and the peacemakers.

Not much of "nature" here! How much humility would you find in the jungle? How much mercy and pity? How much peace? We don't need any Christmas message to tell us that the cowardly, the mean and the traitors are not the highest types of humanity. But we do need it to teach that there are just a few things worth man's greatest efforts which he can never gain by his own wisdom and strength. And the greatest of these is PEACE.

But this is not all. He would also see more men and women and children happy on Christmas Day than on any other day in the year—that day when most of us can put aside the worries of yesterday and the anxieties of to-morrow: when the laughter of children sounds in our ears, and families and friends come together to share a common joy.

Opportunity

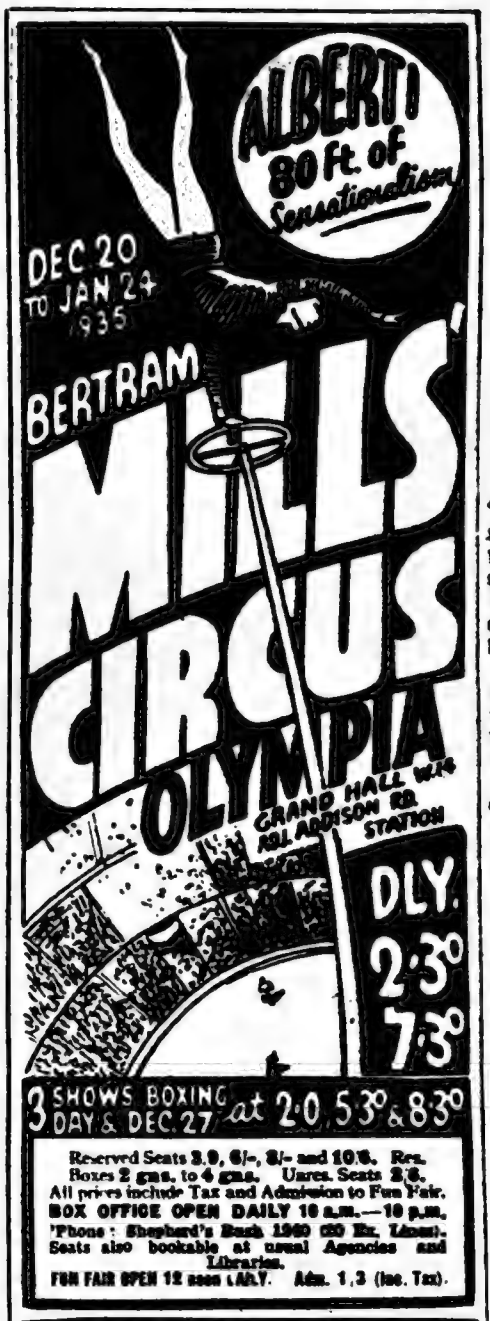
He would know that the chief reason why men are happy is that they have given some thought to the cares and the comforts of others, and have determined that, so far as lies in their power, none shall be unhappy on Christmas.

Can you believe that He would not ask—What of the other three hundred and sixty-four days? WHY NOT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE CHRISTMAS DAYS IN THE YEAR?

It must strike us, I think, as a poor compliment to Him whose Feast we keep that only on His birthday do most of us feel uncomfortable in sitting down to our own dinners unless we have helped to provide one for some hungry neighbour.

Suppose we had the same misgivings when we ate our dinner EVERY DAY. If we had, we should be moved by something more than the spirit of Christmas: we should be possessed by the Spirit of Christ.

And, if we were THAT, in less than a generation we could change the face of the world.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A Child's Gratitude

We wish you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life since the Society's foundation. You can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to Wm. J. Elliott, Director

N·S·P·C·C

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.
Vice-Chairman: F. P. Whitbread, Esq.

JOHN BULL READERS

NIGHTMARE that came true when—

I RACED

ALL through my childhood and even after I was a grown man, the same dream recurred at intervals. Something was pursuing me—something deadly. I would run with this Thing pounding behind me. And gradually my feet would grow heavy. Either they would sink deeper and deeper into the yielding earth, or my boots would be filled with lead.

But each step always became a more fearful effort and at last, when the pursuing terror was close upon me, I would wake with a fearful shriek and lie sweating and trembling in the darkness.

Doctors have told me that this form of dream is not uncommon. It has, so they say, a simple physical explanation. It may be so, but I have never dreamed it again since it came true.

During the war I served with the East African Field Force, and afterwards I found a good billet as manager of a sisal plantation a few miles from Tanga, in what used to be known as German East Africa and is now our own Tanganyika Territory.

* * *

THERE was a girl I loved in England and she was plucky enough to come out to Africa to marry me and share my rough and lonely bungalow. Several hundred natives worked on the plantation and we had no white neighbours

But we were extraordinarily happy. Wide open country to live in, splendid dawns and flaring sunsets, a man's job to do and the best of all pals beside you—what else matters?

The sisal plantations stretched away from the bungalow on three sides almost as far as the eye could reach. Beyond the clearing on the fourth side there was dense scrub broken here and there by some tall tree.

At noon the heat was almost unbearable, but the mornings and the evenings were delightful, and there were no dress problems for either of us. Khaki shorts and a shirt open at the neck met our needs, and before very long my wife had the house boys well trained, so that we lived comfortably and tolerably well.

We were, I suppose, remote from civilisation in the ordinary sense of the word.

Believe me, that has its compensations—as I sometimes tell my wife even now, with the neat little villas jostling each other's elbows all round us and a picture house within a stone's throw! Out there, there were no pictures except the ones God paints.

But I do not want to suggest that we were living in any very adventurous or primitive way. True, lions were occasionally sighted in the bush, and sometimes at night we could hear their coughing roar.

But my wife and I each had a rifle and we kept five large and ferocious dogs which, we thought, would be sufficient protection in themselves. For the rest, the daily routine was scarcely more exciting than that of a farmer in the English shires.

That routine included, however, a weekly journey to Tanga. There was no made road, but a native track followed the border of the bush for some miles until at last it joined a true road on the confines of the town.

My wife seldom accompanied me on this "shake up"—as she called it—and it wasn't by any means a "joy ride," because I made the trip in an old motor-van fast qualifying for the scrap heap. It would have been a jolting van on good macadam; on that pot-holed track it was a chariot of diabolical discomfort.

On a certain Friday morning my native driver brought the old van round as usual, but rather late I cursed him for his unpunctuality, clambered aboard, and told him to put some snap in it.

His gears engaged with the customary scrunch and we bucked into motion, but, half a mile on, one of the back tyres burst. I cursed the driver again when I found that the spare was also flat.

I was going in to Tanga to draw the wages for the plantation hands and I had to get there before the bank closed. There was nothing for it but to hurry back to the bungalow, pick up my bicycle there, and do the journey awheel.

* * *

MY bicycle, unlike the old motor-van, was new and bright and shiny. I should have made nothing of the trip to Tanga on a decent path, but by that track with its pot-holes and, here and there, its stretches of loose white sand, it was pretty hard going, and I was bathed in perspiration by the time I reached the bank.

I collected the money, however, and

Race with "Silver Ring"

LINCOLN AHEAD

THE Clerk of the Course for the Carholme must have been pleased with the seventy-one entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap. For years past the number has fluctuated between fifty and sixty. The increase is cheering.

I am not going to endeavour to spot the winner at this juncture, but it will be interesting to note the weights allotted to Adriatic, Boethius, Commander III, Flamenco, Snooker and Volcanius.

The weights come to hand on January 31.

The powers-that-be have realised that Christmas shopping and racing do not go together. Consequently, there is a blank from the 18th to the 26th of December.

With three meetings, Boxing Day makes up for lost time, but I am afraid most of us will be spent out!

At Kempton Park some of the holiday expenses may be recovered by Tusmore in the Oatlands Chase and Wenceslas in the Fry Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 20, to Wednesday, December 26.

R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z
W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96S93 would read LATOL

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA

"The Greatest of These—"

Unhappy Christmas

Ray

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Ray is the eldest of four children, the youngest of whom has just reached one year.

"They had a terrible time last Christmas," says their dad, "for after being out of work for three years my unemployment pay was stopped."

He has now secured a job at 35s. a week, on which to support himself, wife and the four kiddies, which they could manage on if the money were free, but they are hampered with debts incurred when they were practically destitute.

Their doctor, who is well acquainted with the conditions under which Ray's family live, states that they are in urgent need of assistance; that they need clothing, and so on. Their mother has to wash the children's clothes when they are in bed, as they have no change.

So poor and empty is their home that when neighbours were throwing an old mattress on a bonfire Ray's mother begged for it for their own bed.

To turn to something more cheerful, we publish a letter received from June's parents, for whom we appealed in our issue of December 1:

"My wife, children and myself," says June's father, "want to thank very much the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly answered our appeal. We cannot write here in words how happy they have made me. Tears of joy came into our eyes when the kiddies saw the dolls and toys those good people sent them. We said a prayer of thanks and bless them for their kindness. We are very thankful to you for your help and may God bless you all.—June, Pamela and Dorothy's parents."

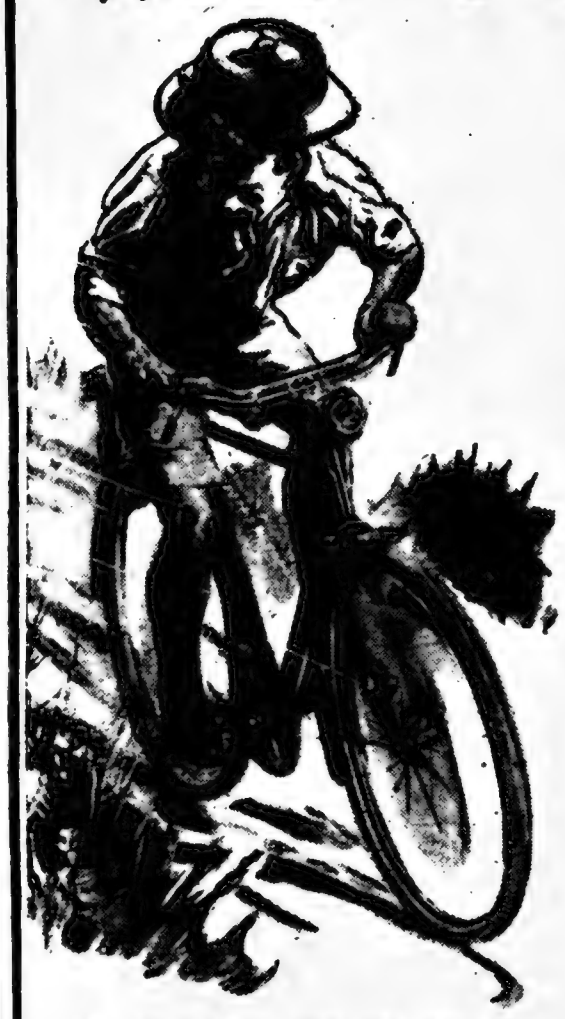
June's parents also called and asked us to thank those readers who gave financial help which has set them on their feet.

Donations, earmarked "Ray," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We wish all our Subscribers a very Happy Christmas.

STORIES No. 109

FOR LIFE WITH A LION



"I let out one wild yell and then my head was low over the handle-bars and I was pedalling away like a madman"

strapped my attaché case behind the saddle. After chatting for a while with the clerks and one or two men I knew in Tanga, I mounted my cycle again and set off for home.

It was exceedingly hot and I suppose I was rather tired. Perhaps that was why I suddenly recalled my old and terrifying dream. It seemed to me, plugging steadily along that track, that I was just re-living something that had happened before. I was wide awake and yet I had the feeling that at any moment I should hear some sound behind me and feel again that rush of terror which would start me off in panic flight.

Have you ever wakened from a nightmare and, clutching the sheets, forced yourself through an interval of fear by repeating desperately: "It was a dream! Only a dream . . only a dream"?

Soon you reach a point, of course, where you can laugh at your sleep-born terrors. Riding home that evening *I* laughed at my own nervousness from the start.

* * *

AND then the dream came true. Suddenly I heard behind me the deep, coughing, guttural and utterly unmistakable grunt of a lion. I looked over my shoulder and saw him, a huge fellow with a black mane, lopping along the edge of the track not more than thirty or forty yards behind me.

Fear, like a cold hand, closed on my heart. I am not a particularly timid or nervous fellow, and I saw some hot fighting in the war, but that evening I was a child again in an agony of panic.

I think I let out one wild yell and then my head was low over the handle-bars and I was pedalling away like a madman.

That pursuit was a perfect reproduction of the old dream fantasy. At first, for the track was passably good just there, I kept up a great speed. I did not look behind me, but my shoulders crawled in horrid anticipation of the spring.

When I heard the lion's "Ugh . . ugh . . ugh" again, it was a positive relief, for at least it seemed no nearer, and I pedalled more desperately than ever. But I was growing tired. A slight rise in the ground told on me at once.

My thigh and calf muscles were aching and the pedals seemed to be fighting against me. My feet were heavy as they had been in my dream. I fought in agony against that dragging weight.

And suddenly I ran into loose sand. It was not a long patch, probably not more than twenty yards, but the wheels sank rim deep and my heart seemed bursting with the effort to keep moving. I swerved and almost spilled as I came out of the sand.

One foot outthrust to the track itself saved me from a fall, but I had swung round far enough to catch another glimpse of the lion, nearer than it had been before, trotting effortlessly along the edge of the track behind me.

That sight gave me the strength to make another spurt which carried me to a point where the ground dipped a little in my favour. But by that time my legs seemed heavier than lead and there was a pounding in my ears that made me dizzy. And I heard the lion's roar again, angrier and nearer than before.

* * *

THE chase lasted for about three miles. Its last moments are confused in my mind. I only remember that I kept ringing my bell, that I went on blindly, fighting against pedals that weighed a ton.

When I sighted the bungalow with my wife on the look-out for me, I shouted at the top of my voice and I heard the answering bark of our dogs. Then I ran into another patch of loose sand and reached in reality that climax to my old dream, when I could not move my legs any longer.

In fact, the front wheel, caught in six inches of loose white sand, twisted the handlebars out of my grasp and I fell headlong into unconsciousness.

My wife, of course, was running towards me when this happened, the dogs ahead of her. And she actually saw the lion step out on the track not far behind me, stand there for a second with waving tail, and then turn and lope away into the bush.

It may have been the dogs and the noise that made him give up the chase at that moment, but I do not know at all why he did not end it long before.

For, if the lion had been really chasing me at full speed, he must have overtaken me within a hundred yards or so. I can only suppose that the brute had not made up his mind. He may have been puzzled by such an unfamiliar quarry.

He may have been a little frightened by the flashing of the nickel wheel rims in the sunlight. Here I have merely stated the bare facts of this strange and to me unforgettable adventure.

I was very shaken by the whole affair, but I pulled myself together after a stiff drink and within a couple of hours I had paid out the wages as usual. My wife, brave little woman though she was—and is—had been frightened enough herself, but she knew about my old dream and so she understood the quite peculiar terror I had experienced.

It was quite unusual for any lion to approach so near the bungalow in daylight and we thought it better to be on our guard that night, particularly as our bungalow had no window frames, but mere apertures in the walls for light and ventilation.

We brought the dogs indoors and we ourselves sat on the veranda in the moonlight for an hour or two, our rifles close to hand. It was as well we did so, for just as we were thinking of going to bed we heard a lion's roar once more and very near.

We could see nothing in the bush and the roar was not repeated. We waited in great tension of spirit for some long time, and then my wife, a little overcome by that vigil and by the previous experiences of the day, began to feel faint.

* * *

I WENT into the next room to get some smelling salts, and while I was feeling for matches I heard the report of a rifle. I rushed back to the verandah to find my wife with the smoking rifle in her hand and just in time to save her from falling in a dead faint.

By that time the whole place was aroused. The house boys were shouting and the plantation natives came running up.

There was something to shout about, too, for a lion was dead not more than ten yards from the bungalow. My wife had got him between the eyes with a single bullet, and I told her that if she wanted to faint after that she had a perfect right to!

The Baas's wife was a notable woman in the Tanga district from then on. Now we are both back in England again and have been here for many years. All our African experiences have receded into the faintly melancholy hinterland of memory.

But in a trinket box on my wife's dressing table there is a lock of shaggy hair taken from a dead lion's mane. And it is a fact, doubtless capable of the simplest explanation, that my pursuit nightmare has never returned to me.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

BANBURY ADVERTISER:—"A reception preceded the BOUQUET."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"30 MOUNTAIN pens and propelling pencils."

OXFORD MAIL:—"——, who is DEPUTED to be a multi-millionaire."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—". . . . dressing a matter of jumping into an odd yard or two of lace and a STEAMLINE frock."

THE MIDDLESEX CHRONICLE:—"The average height of recruits received in the past year was over 7½ INCHES."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"There was evidence to show that the wounds had been caused by the discharge of a FIREMAN."

SCARBORO' EVENING NEWS:—"A linesman came in contact with a live wire, and received a shock of 6,000 COLTS."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"In 1892 he EXPLODED the Himalayas."

RETFORD, WORKSOP, ISLE OF AXHOLME AND GAINSBOROUGH NEWS:—"The town, having no park, its people would perhaps like to see BLOWERS in the streets."

THE SHEERNESS TIMES:—"——, who was recently appointed as inspector of STARES. . . ."

THE STAR:—"To meet the FISHES of many supporters."

WESTERN TELEGRAPH AND TIMES:—"COWS and VALVES made up to £24 15s."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"The COAL has been made with quite a deep hem for lengthening."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"For nearly 16 years she has been a model of LIABILITY."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"Preston N.E. 0, Birmingham *17,000*."

TIT-BITS:—"This temple, as big as St. Paul's Cathedral, was hewn from living ROCK as it stood."

"OH WHAT A PARTY IT WILL BE... THESE JELLIES AND A CHRISTMAS TREE"
PLEASE, MUMMY, CAN I HAVE LOVELY BIG JELLIES AT MY CHRISTMAS PARTY—LIKE THE ONES SALLY'S MUMMY GAVE US?
WISE MOTHERS ARE BUYING ROWNTREE'S JELLIES THESE DAYS, MADAM. THEY HAVE REAL FRUIT JUICES IN THEM YOU KNOW!
NEXT AFTERNOON
I HELPED MY MUMMY MAKE IT THIS MORNING!
O-O-H! WHAT LOVELY JELLY... YOU CAN TASTE THE STRAWBERRIES IN IT!
I THOUGHT I'LL BUY ROWNTREE'S AGAIN NEXT TIME
YOUR CHILDREN'S PARTY MUST SUCCEED. THIS ROWNTREE'S JELLY'S WHAT YOU NEED!

It does your heart good to see how all the little folk enjoy Rowntree's Jellies. They contain real fruit juice. Like eating sun-ripened fruits. And they're so easy to digest, too. No worries about whether you should give them second helpings.

12 FLAVOURS . . .

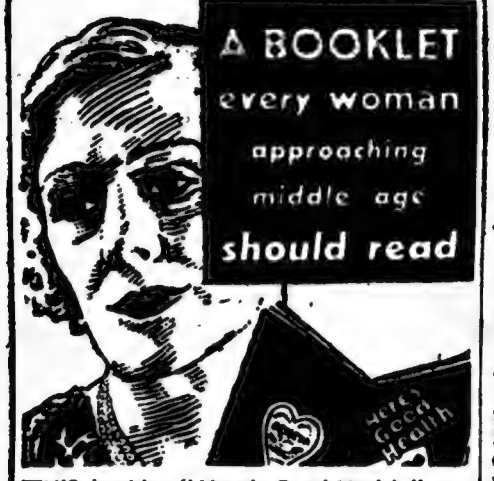
Including **Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange** *and all the favourites. Only 4½d. a packet. A free Gift Coupon is included. Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count.*

Real fruit juices in

ROWNTREE'S Table Jellies

Turn to the "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION on pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29

£120 in Cash Prizes must be won. No Entrance Fee—12 Free Entries!



THIS booklet "Here's Good Health" explains interestingly and convincingly why De Kuyper's Hollands is advised by many medical men for women passing through that difficult time called the Change of Life.

De Kuyper's has unique medicinal virtues; it purifies the blood, aids the kidneys and tones up the system. It is a spirit with proved tonic properties.

A copy of "Here's Good Health" will be sent post free on application to John De Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

deKUYPER'S
HEART LABEL
HOLLANDS

VAPEX
WILL STOP THAT COLD

A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

Life's just one scrape after another

It's very trying to have men with "scrubby" chins scraping off my make-up and spoiling my complexion. They mean well, poor dears, but I wish they would use Stead Blades. They would then have clean, smooth shaves and I wouldn't see so much "nature in the raw."

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet 7 blades for 6d. Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most Dealers sell them.

Poison-Tongues

IT is a pity there are not more men in our public life like George Lansbury. He has never been known to say an unkind thing about anybody.

That's a rare quality in a politician. And I am afraid it is almost as rare in any other walk of life. If those people who have nothing good to say about other folk would say nothing at all—what a different world it would be! A great deal of heartache and misery are caused by those who allow their tongues to run away with them.

One of my readers, a girl of twenty-eight, writes me:

"I have a dear friend who has been confined to bed for the past six months with nerve trouble—mostly due to war wounds—and I am the only friend he has in the world. He is thirty-eight and was in a good position once, but through ill-health and trade depression he was forced out of business. When he was fit to go about he managed to get odd jobs, which helped to keep things going. All he has now is an Army pension of 15s. 6d. a week.

"I work in a big store, am on my feet from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. with an hour off for lunch, and my pay is 25s. a week. Each morning before starting off for business I go up and make him a bit of breakfast and generally try to cheer him up for the day. Then in the evening I always make him some little delicacy and sit chatting happily with him. I love this man, but have never shown my true feelings for him, and I know he loves me, too, but because of his ill-health and position he will never speak.

"Now what is worrying me is that some nasty-minded people are saying untrue things about our association, and I am afraid he may hear these slandermongers. If he did, he would stop my visiting him before he would have my name dragged in the mud.

"For myself I don't care, because we have done no harm and I want to stick by him through thick and thin. Am I not right in this decision?"

Were it not for one sentence in this girl's letter which I have not yet quoted my advice would have been very much to the point. She loves this man and he loves her. The only way to stop slandering tongues is for them to get married.

But she tells me "Married girls are not allowed to work in our store." That's where the difficulty comes in. Because she is now in work she is able to share little extras with her friend. Those would stop if she became unemployed. And it would be folly to marry on 15s. 6d. a week.

AND so we must look for some other possibility. As a hospital man, I naturally note what this girl tells me about the physical infirmity of her friend. She puts the trouble down to nervous disorder aggravated by his war wounds.

Now many amazing cures are wrought to-day in such complaints. It would indeed be a tragedy if this man, who is only thirty-eight years old, should be given up as incurable. There is an excellent hospital in the city where they live. I advise my correspondent to seek the aid of the nerve specialist at that institution.

If only this man can be made well again—all sorts of possibilities open out. These are two of them: He could look for work. And he would not feel diffident about asking this girl to marry him.

But what if, alas! no permanent cure can be effected? In that case there are only two courses left. This girl must try to find other work where the ban against marriage does not apply. Or she must treat the scandal-mongers with the contempt they deserve. It would be a thousand pities to allow a few busybodies to rob a sick man of a happy companionship.

The mischievous tongue and the all too willing ear . . .

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

HERE is another case where serious trouble is threatened, and all through idle and malicious gossip:

"I am a married woman of forty-three, with four children, and until a few weeks ago have had a peaceable life. For many years I have been friendly with a married couple living here in the same village. Very recently the man lost his job, and the family had to leave the village under a cloud.

"Where it concerns me is this: it keeps reaching me from one party or another that a certain man and his sister are spreading a disgraceful scandal about this man friend and myself, and the misery it is causing me is dreadful. You will understand that a woman in my position with four children has no time to go meeting men secretly, as they are saying I do.

"But what is worrying me more than the scandal is my husband's attitude. He admits that I am not guilty of such a thing, but absolutely declines to defend me in any way. I wrote a letter to the man who started it and asked for an explanation, and my husband was most angry with me, and said I ought to have let it drop without doing anything.

"I received no reply to my letter, and it is a horrible thing when I cannot look to my husband for help in such a trying time. Please write and tell me whether you think I am right in my views, or whether my husband is."

Now this woman's trouble falls into two parts. She is naturally perturbed by the slanderous statements made about her. She is also greatly distressed by her husband's complete indifference to the matter.

Let us first of all look at this second complaint. This man's attitude may be due to his general make-up. He may believe in "peace at any price"; he may think that "the least said the soonest mended." I can't agree with him. Anything that vitally affects his wife should also affect him, and it is obvious that this woman is feeling the position keenly.

I HOPE her husband will do his duty and not rest until his wife's good name has been re-established. But supposing he refuses point-blank to do so? In that case my correspondent must see the thing through for herself.

But it is essential that she should act very cautiously. She must not accuse people of making these statements unless she has definite proof that they have done so. I really feel the best plan would be for her to consult a good solicitor. A letter from him might put an end to the whole matter. At any rate, it would show that she does not intend to take the matter lying down.

People who make lying accusations, as in this case, must be brought to book. And the same is true of my next problem. This time the victim is a man, and he tells me:

"I am courting a young lady and I am looking forward to the day when I can make her my wife. At present I am lodging at her parents' house as my own home is overcrowded, seven living in a small flat.

"While I have been living at my fiancée's house, I have repeatedly heard rumours that I am married, having a wife and child, and that I should be ashamed of myself keeping company with another girl. I have discreetly made a few enquiries and find that everyone in the neighbourhood knows about it, and also believes it.

"I am getting desperate, because it has made my fiancée a mass of nerves, and I can see that her mother, who has only recently got over a serious operation, feels it keenly. Needless to say, there is not the slightest foundation in this pack of lies. At present I am not working, but shall be next week, I hope, though I hardly feel like starting with this trouble going on."

Here is my threefold advice to this young man: First of all he must satisfy his young lady and her mother that there is no truth whatever in these rumours. Surely he has some relations or friends who can confirm his statements in this respect.

SECONDLY, he must not allow these things to interfere with his prospective work. His best answer of all will be to attain that position when he can ask his fiancée "to name the day." His marriage to this girl will put a stop once and for all to these cruel insinuations.

Meanwhile, if these stories persist, he should try to trace them to their source. When that has been discovered, a lawyer's letter will make the offenders "sit up." Spreaders of malicious gossip are usually cowards at heart.

"Fitting Phrases"

Do you want a pleasant and profitable amusement for the Christmas season? Then try your skill in the novel "Fitting Phrases" competition, details of which appear in pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29. Six prizes of £20 each are waiting to be won. Fill up the free entry forms at once, and give yourself a nice Christmas Present!

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either Free Coupon submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 5th, 1935.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 24.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

For Glorious Health
drink delicious
'OVALTINE'

'Ovaltine' sells on merit alone. No gifts or coupons —just 100 per cent. Quality and Value.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

B

I'm Mother's Help —Like OXO for Cup or Cooking

C

Why do GOOD COOKS USE BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER *because they are good cooks!*

D

ENGLISH GROWN & CANNED

Batchelor's Peas

are sweet & tender & tempting.
COOKED: READY TO SERVE

E

Build up for Winter on
SHREDDED WHEAT
WITH HOT MILK

A Shredded Wheat breakfast every day supplies you with Nature's best type of nourishment. It is pure whole wheat and nothing else, delicious, appetising and full of the vital sustenance that brings health, strength and vitality. Ready to serve with milk, fruit, butter or cheese.

100% FOOD

F

"Sixpence" buys a bottle of the best Sauce in the world.
Mason's 'O.K.' Sauce
Family Size (nearly double) 9d.

G

Visit your dentist regularly and clean your teeth night and morning with Euthymol Toothpaste—refreshingly and scientifically clean! Sold by Chemists 1/3 per tube. If you have not yet tried Euthymol, send to Dept. 67/16, Euthymol, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day sample tube.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE
BE WISE EUTHYMOLISE

3 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 3) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 3

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 14, 16, 25, 27 and 29

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

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Rheumatism *Ended* —Lumbago *Gone*

The letter published below contains a very human story. It is about a wife—with wits—who believed in Kruschen Salts, and a husband with lumbago—who did not. So she practised a little innocent deception—and received, as a reward, "a lovely pair of fur gloves!" Let her tell the story herself:—

"*For years I suffered from rheumatism. I started with your wonderful Kruschen with about as little hope of relief as I have of ever winning the 'Irish Sweep.' To my joy and astonishment I felt such relief after the first bottle that I decided to keep on with it. It may sound amazing, but is perfectly true that all pain went. Also I lost a lot of flabby flesh. Now for a further miracle. My husband had an attack of lumbago and gastric 'flu. He was really ill. Would he take Kruschen? No fear! No good for his complaint, but he reckoned without me. I put little bits in every cup of tea, every spot of gravy, used it instead of carbonate of soda to keep the vegetables green. Now he is able to run about again, and when I told him what I had done his face was a study. He laughed till he nearly cried, he thought it so funny. At any rate I have a perfectly lovely pair of fur gloves as a reward.*" *Mrs. F. C., London, W.C.2.*

Rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica are all associated with an excess of uric acid in the system. Kruschen will swiftly dissolve away those needle-pointed crystals of uric acid and flush out your system. And, as they go, those old aches and pains will have to go, too!

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s. and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months.

***REAL* RELIEF**

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. F. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd. (Dept.15A) Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

EVERYBODY'S PLAYING IT NOW

—A Melody Maker of 5000 Years Ago

The new musicians in the making at a London Accordion club

WE have a lot to thank or blame the ancient Chinese for. They played with gunpowder like schoolboys thousands of years before we civilised races found we could blow each other up with it. They had discovered electricity and forgotten about it again ages before we introduced the first candle.

"The principles were known to the ancient Chinese" appears as a footnote to dozens of descriptions in the encyclopaedias of so-called modern inventions. And now we can add something even more startling to the list.

We bright moderns have adopted the musical instrument with which those primitive Orientals brightened their evenings and enlivened their outings five thousand years ago, and with a few suitable embellishments have given it to the world as something newer than television, hotter than jazz, more intriguing than a cocktail.

Shop windows in almost every other street of London's West End are giving special displays of models ranging from four to 150 guineas. Special shops have been opened that sell nothing else. A factory employing four thousand people has been turned over to the manufacture of it. A school for teaching it that has been opened in the Tottenham Court Road has enrolled five hundred students.

Inveterate diners-out are going along to the restaurants where it is played—they are easy to find—to hear this brand-new, bang-up-to-the-minute instrument. Musical highbrows who should know better speak of it as something entirely new. Sales have soared to the point at which even the saxophone, finding the popularity it enjoyed even in its heyday has been surpassed, groans out its hollowest note in despair.

☆ ☆ ☆

And the piano-accordion, to give it the name used to describe it by all the bright young things, must be laughing all the time fit to burst its pleats.

No doubt you have seen the piano-accordion and heard it. Everybody's playing it, now!

At one end a huge pair of bellows ends in a piano keyboard and at the other in a cluster of knobs ranging in number from eight to one hundred and twenty, according to the value of the instrument. The styles of ornamentation range from chasings in mother-of-pearl to embossed panels of real gold—in one case, where the instrument was built to special order, with the player's name spelt out on it in diamonds!

Some have been ridiculously over-decorated with angels and fairies. Many, on the other hand, are tastefully patterned in such materials as pearl, ivory, nacrolaque and chromium. In any case, the majority are so ornamental that the totally erroneous impression has grown that they are an Italian instrument.

But its performance is the most striking thing about it.

☆ ☆ ☆

At one moment it is purring like a kitten, at another crashing out with the full volume of a small orchestra. A touch on the sliding bar of one of the higher-priced models and it plays with flute effects. Another touch brings in a suggestion of the clarionet, and yet another that of the oboe.

It jerks and jumps out the mad melody of a "hot momma" tune, almost hums the loftier notes of an aria, throbs through a hall in a full tremolo, and at the bidding of a skilled performer will play with the force and feeling of a church organ.

No other instrument, with the solitary exception of a kinema organ, can produce so many different effects.

That, then, is the piano-accordion. It differs far more from the accordion of our youth than it does from the ancient Chinese instrument from which it was copied.

That accordion of the last century was our open-air musical instrument before gramophones came. We played it on those ungainly and ornamental horse-drawn brakes that preceded the motor-coach. We heard it at the seaside, on Hampstead Heath, on the river, wherever massed humanity foregathered in holiday mood and wanted music.

That instrument was no instrument at all, really. Usually blessed with only four bass keys, it played chords which sounded like chords to the unmusical ear, but which were a veritable nightmare to anybody who had had more than six piano lessons.

☆ ☆ ☆

The present-day piano-accordion industry is actually contemplating buying up all those musical horrors that still survive, feeling that they do harm to their trade. It has even been suggested to them that they should teach "buskers" who use these old accordions the new instrument, so that the world won't judge the piano-accordion by the noises they hear in theatre queues, at football matches, or from the neighbourhood of public-house doorsteps.

Those old accordions had nothing more nor less than mouth-organ actions. Music came from tiny strips of brass that trembled out notes when blown from a bellows, just as mouth organs tremble out music when puffed on by the mouth.

Very different the "modern" piano-accordion, with as many as four different reeds to each note, all made to vary their tone according to the metal base against which they vibrate, and built into cells that can be varied in size to give different melodic values.

The "works" of one of the better-class models are ten times more intricate than those of a full-sized typewriter, and if you heard one in the hands of a clever exponent you wouldn't wonder at it.

Yet all this leaves unexplained why an instrument based on principles known so many thousands of years ago should suddenly become "the rage."

The reason lies to a small extent in the improvements it has been possible to make as a result of a study of kinema organ technique, but to a larger extent it has grown out of a new system.

A few years ago a Swiss named Helbling discovered that if the treble notes were designed like a piano keyboard and the bass notes in a way that made the playing of chords simple, the instrument resulting would be far easier to play than a piano.

Within a few months the demand for such accordions in Southern Germany and Switzerland was such that the town of Tossingen, near the Swiss frontier, couldn't make them quickly enough.

And when, two years ago, the daughter of the inventor paid a visit to England and gave one or two demonstrations at concerts, the boom started here, growing in intensity as people realised that it was not at all a difficult instrument to learn and yet sounded as if a lifetime of practice was necessary.

☆ ☆ ☆

To-day there are more than eighty clubs devoted to it, two hundred orchestras playing nothing else, and the numbers are growing every day.

Among the people learning are men and women who have passed their seventieth birthday and have never tried to play an instrument in their lives before. At least one youth who has learned the art of it in the last three years is earning more than £50 a week out of it, and can't appear at one-tenth of the concerts to which he is invited.

In the view of the leading music dealers, it is not going to be a momentary craze, a fad that will pass, but has come to stay. So once again the encyclopaedias will have to introduce a "new" invention into their pages, adding the usual footnote: "The principles were known to the ancient Chinese."

The street musician is up to date, too. This one is practising for his kerbside performance under a park tree

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57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

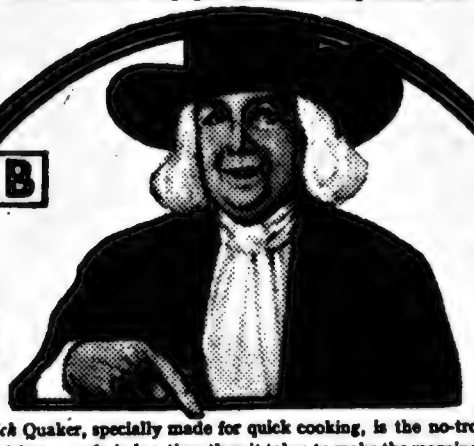
Brooke Bond Coffee Essence with chicory

has the real coffee flavour and can be made in a moment.

6d. & 1/- bottles.

Obtainable from your usual dealer.

B



Quick Quaker, specially made for quick cooking, is the no-trouble breakfast—ready in less time than it takes to make the morning tea. Milled from the world's richest oats, it is the finest natural food. There is nothing more appetising—nothing so sustaining and nourishing to start you off for the day!

QUICK QUAKER
4d. and 8½d. per packet.

C

KEEP YOUR FIGURE YOUNG

Wear a Corset designed for yourself

Incorrect posture and ugly lines can usually be traced to badly fitting corsets. In order to look and feel young, have a Spencer corsetiere make a special study of your figure, and ensure corsets that fit.

Spencer Corsets are washable and inexpensive and are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest corsetiere.

SPENCER
Individually Designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

D

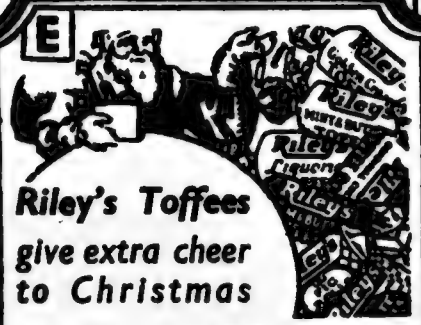
Here's a favourite Party Dish..

Don't take chances! There's one brand of jelly that never fails to turn out well—never fails to please. *Chivers*, of course—the jellies young and old enjoy so much. Make some for the party—they'll bring sparkle and colour to the festive menu.

Chivers Jellies

REAL FRUIT FLAVOURS.
RECIPE IN EVERY PACKET

E



Riley's Toffees give extra cheer to Christmas

FREE If you cannot buy Riley's Assorted Rolls at your favourite Confectioner's, send us his name and address, with yours on a postcard (stamped with 1d. stamp), and we will send you a Free Sample of each of the Seven Varieties.

RILEY BROTHERS Ltd., HALIFAX
Please note: No sample can be sent unless you send your Confectioner's name.

Riley's ASSORTED Toffee Rolls
per 4D qtr

F

Take care of your THROAT —take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins. 8d & 1/3.

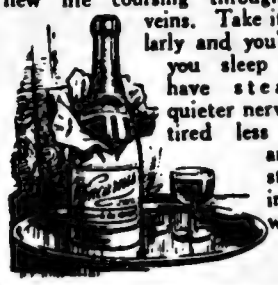
G

WINCARNIS
The Wine of Life

Restores Vitality

Women and men who find themselves giving way to the strain of modern life have a simple remedy at hand. They should follow the lead of thousands who are turning to a tried and trusted means of restoring new vigour and strength—Wincarnis.

Its effect is simply remarkable. With the very first glass you seem to get new life coursing through your veins. Take it regularly and you'll find you sleep better, have steadier, quieter nerves, get tired less easily, and grow stronger in every way.



4 FREE ENTRY FORM

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Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 4

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 14, 16, 23, 27 and 29

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

SEPTIC

injury caused by KICK

Child kicked on heel—injury absorbed dirt or dye from stocking—Septic Poisons quickly formed

THEN—but now let the boy's father speak for himself. "Mother tried many remedies but after 14 days it was worse than ever . . . his heel was really seriously poisoned when we were advised to buy Germolene and I am very glad to say that he is now back at school thoroughly well after only a few applications of Germolene . . . . Please make use of this letter as testimony to the excellence of your product."

Germolene Brand Aseptic Ointment removes all septic matter from skin and tissue—Germolene penetrates, cleans and heals—the only true healing process.

This is how Germolene does its daily work! Don't *you* overlook slight trouble: the risk is too great. Apply Germolene! It will soothe inflammation, remove pain, kill all germs, bathe and rebuild damaged tissue cells and give you perfect new skin. Use Germolene for CUTS, SCRATCHES, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PIMPLES, RASHES, PILES, PSORIASIS, IMPETIGO, and ALL SKIN AILMENTS AND INJURIES. Don't be without a tin. It isn't worth the risk. Germolene is obtainable from all Chemists: 1/3, 3/- and 12/- tins and 4/6 tubes.

£120 CASH for NOTHING!

Here's a profitable Xmas Pastime!

6 cheques of £20 each must be won in the simple "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION on pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29. All prizes must be won.

There's NO Entrance Fee—2 Free Entry Coupons appear on each of the six pages.

Turn to PAGES 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

A STOMACH SUFFERER REGAINS HEALTH

Eats normally after months on milk and fish

It's no joke to be six months on a diet of milk and fish and then to have to go into hospital for stomach disorder. But luckily for Mr. G. H. G——, of Tennison Road, Ipswich, in hospital they gave him Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and he felt relief from the very first dose. No wonder he regrets he did not know of this marvellous remedy before wasting time and money on other things. Here is his letter:

"It is with much pleasure that I inform you of the great relief and help your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has been to me. Before entering hospital for Stomach Disorder I was on milk and fish diet for six months and lost weight rapidly. I was given your Powder in hospital, and felt relief from the first, and since my discharge from hospital in June, with the help of your Powder, have been able to get back to my normal diet with no ill after-effects. My only regret is that I did not know of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder before wasting time and money in other useless medicines and drugs."

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. It will do the same for you, but ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THEY CAN'T KILL COCK ROBIN!

WHEN, during these exciting days just before Christmas, the postman's knock or ring is heard, and the white squares or oblongs come slithering through the letter-box, it is a thrill which never stales. There is a rush to open the envelopes and admire the Christmas cards, with their messages of cheer and good will.

And yet this charming custom of sending greeting cards at this season, which seems to be ingrained and ancient, is not as old as we think. The Valentine card, for instance, is far older than the Christmas card.

The Christmas card designer has one model that never dies. There it is, over there—

It is but ninety years since the first Christmas greeting card was designed and despatched, in 1844, and it was not until 1846 that the first cards made their way into the stationers' shop windows—a simple black-and-white card, depicting a typical happy family party, enjoying their Christmas dinner. Its cost was one shilling.

And now, British Christmas cards—for they are essentially a British product and custom, although America has widely adopted them—are despatched all over the world; and, at home, they are bought literally by the million.

Each year the great British firms which produce greeting cards send thousands of them overseas. Not only to those dominions and colonies where British people—or those of British descent and tradition—live, but also to lands where no English is spoken, or where Christmas is not a religious festival.

Cards go to Spain, Italy and France, for example, sometimes printed in the language of the country. In Holland, it is considered quite the fashionable thing for Dutch families to send each other Christmas cards with English greetings.

And in India, among Hindus or Moslems, to whom Christmas has no religious significance, cards are also used. In fact, one well-known British firm recently received an order from a famous Indian Mohammedan leader for a number of cards upon which were to be printed the words: "All praise to Allah, the Most High!"

It was a pioneer British firm which, in 1913, introduced the private greeting card in America, since which time their use has grown there enormously.

As the years go by there is but little variation in the most popular cards, except the improvements dictated by the development of colour-printing and other technical processes. Generally speaking, the subjects are the same.

Never will the public taste allow the Christmas card makers to kill Cock Robin. Nor must they fail to give us the snowy scene — the white-clad hedges of a country lane, or white-roofed cottages nestling beneath bare trees, however much our winter weather may obstinately persist in being "un-Christmas-like." Nor do the scenes of olden time ever stale—the coaching theme, old timbered inns or Pickwickian banquets.

Another "sure-fire" subject—the card designers will tell you—is that of pet animals. A huge success is always assured for cards with pictures of cats or dogs.

But beside these perennials which, with minor variations, reappear each year, there are hosts of specialised cards which designers must produce to meet the times.

The sportsman, for instance, must be catered for—there are cards for golfers, for hunting folk, for footballers, and so on. And the tremendous expansion of aviation has brought forth a number of Christmas cards upon which the aeroplane figures.

And the general public—what governs their selection of cards?

The experienced retailer will tell you that the public may be roughly divided into two great classes: the purchaser who buys the card which interests him and the purchaser who buys one which he thinks will interest the recipient.

In the first division, for example, is Aunt Agatha, whose life is ruled by a passionate devotion to cats. She buys cards with pictures of cats for all her friends, including her brother—a crusty old bachelor who detests cats. There is the infatuated golfer, who sends golfing pictures to all his friends and relatives, some of whom have never seen a game and never want to!

Then there is the less self-centred purchaser, who sends Aunt Agatha a cat because she likes cats, and chooses all his cards according to this wise rule.

Nine months before Christmas, the card manufacturers and their designers go into conference, to decide upon next season's designs. And they must produce ideas to please, not only the masses but also individuals who insist upon the unusual; and organisations and public bodies, whose orders are solicited well in advance so that they may have time to select from submitted designs.

There are the personal greeting cards, for instance, which may cost as much as five shillings each—wonderful examples of the artist's, lithographer's and paper-maker's art. Then, various Government offices have their own cards. The Admiralty, for instance, orders each year a card with a beautifully reproduced painting or engraving representing some historical incident in connection with the British Navy.

There is the Royal Household card—this year a fine etching of Sandringham Church, which was selected by Queen Mary herself. There are cards with Masonic emblems for Masons; and the various City Companies also have their own designs.

There are special cards for motorists and for smokers, and for flower-lovers or bird lovers. Since the first exhibition of Christmas cards in 1880 there has been an infinite variation of type to suit the special tastes of thousands.

One Indian Maharajah of fabulous wealth ordered 500 cards—each one of which was to be hand-painted and of a different design. A determined opponent of superstition ordered special cards upon which figured horse-shoes upside down, crossed knives, the figure 13, and other "emblems of ill-luck."

And one eccentric gentleman ordered cards upon which were to be printed magic circles and charms, and invocations to imps and spirits. By the time the cards were ready for delivery, the makers were informed their customer had been removed to an asylum!

Visit the show-rooms of any Christmas card maker or wholesaler and you will be shown a selection of unusual cards, apart from the host of the more customary type.

A "still" picture from the film "The Good Companions"—depicting a happy company around a dinner table, listening to a story—is used for the greeting card of a woollen yarn manufacturer. "A Good Yarn" is the caption under the picture.

There are cards with photographs of elephants, for planters in Malaya. Photographs of school groups, for the school greeting card. A special card for the Calcutta Police, and another for a legation in Peking.

And the cards made especially for film or theatrical stars—often with a picture of the sender in one of his or her most famous rôles.

Anything from a penny greeting card to a personal card costing five shillings may be found in the show rooms. And what busy preparation and labour these denote!

To the making of our Christmas cards contribute the artist, who designs the picture or decoration; the specialist who designs the lettering. The big firms maintain large art studios where artists and designers are continuously occupied. It is, they say, a craft in itself. A painter of good pictures for your walls may be a bad Christmas card artist, for instance.

Then there are the people who write the verses, or who invent new forms of greeting and expressions of good will. Not all of these are professionals; the Christmas card manufacturers receive thousands of verses, mottoes and similar efforts from amateurs all over the land. And, they will tell you, there are but very few original ones among these contributions, although they are willing to pay quite well for something which is really seasonable and out of the ordinary.

For months past the Christmas card makers have all been working hard—first the artists and designers, then the die-sinkers, lithographers, and all the group of trades whose labour contributes towards the production of that tasteful piece of pasteboard which you choose as your messenger of good cheer.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either Free Coupon submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 5th, 1935.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 24.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

"Thanks, I like the smooth flavour of these Piccadilly"

PICCADILLY
Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Packets of 10 for 4D
Containing oval photographs of Film Stars

B

"Too many Cooks spoil the Broth—"
by forgetting the dash of—
Holbrook's *Worcestershire* **Sauce**

Indispensable in the Kitchen and always welcome on the Table.
Now obtainable in 6d. Bottles in addition to regular sizes.
CREATES AN APPETITE AND AIDS DIGESTION

C

THINK OF IT!
9,000,000
ALADDIN LAMPS IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

What a wonderful light! What a white light! No wonder 9,000,000 are in use to-day. All those homes are enjoying daylight at night. A light of 125 candle-power that cannot flicker or splutter despite draughts or shaking. A light that costs less than ½d. an hour to run. Odourless, smokeless and trouble-free. That's Aladdin—the best lamp yet made. Buy one NOW. Prices from 33/-. Shades from 4/6.

From all Ironmongers and Stores. Catalogue on request to: Aladdin Industries Ltd., 188, Aladdin Bldg., Cressford, Middx. London Showrooms: 71, Mortimer Street, W.1.

Aladdin

D

WHITER TEETH AND CLEAN, HEALTHY MOUTH

★Kolynos Dental Cream—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is extremely economical—half an inch is enough. Kolynos is BEST used on a DRY tooth brush. Get a tube from your Chemist today. NOW 1/- (formerly 1/6). New Large Size 1/9.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

E

MECCA EVERY COUGH and COLD AWAY!

In each 13 tin of "Mecca" Pastilles is a small Vest Pocket Tin in which to carry with you a day's supply. Take a "Mecca" Pastille at intervals and fill your lungs with soothing, protective and curative vapours. There is nothing quite like "Mecca" Pastilles. Of any Chemist or direct from Robert Gibson & Sons, Ltd., 10, Erskine Street, Manchester.

MECCA PASTILLES

Definitely Relieve COUGHS—COLDS *and* SORE THROATS
13

F

The *difference* between them...

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA Cream for greasy scalps. ANZORA Viola for dry scalps, and ANZORA Brilliantine for Glossy hair. In 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles at all chemists and hairdressers.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., N.W.8

G

"SATISFIED! You've said it!" says **BOLENIUM BILL . . .**

And here's why! All seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread: Buttons detachable for washing; exclusive new Non-slip Buckle; extra strong Dust and Grease-proof material. Bolenium Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time.

Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

66

BOLENIUM
(PRONOUNCED BO-LENNY-UM)
OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND
BOLENIUM OVERALLS
Upton Park, London, E.13

5 FREE ENTRY FORM

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ADDRESS .....

(Section 5) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 5

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 14, 16, 23, 25 and 29

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(Section 5) Write clearly in Ink.

If YOU LOOK

—PASTY
—ANÆMIC
—DULL-EYED
—WEARY and OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME

The only way to keep Healthy and Youthful, with Clear Skin, Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks is to keep clean internally by taking Beecham's Pills. For three generations this famous vegetable laxative has been renowned as the world's most successful remedy for CONSTIPATION. Purely vegetable in origin, safe and certain in action. Make up your mind NOW to be well—take Beecham's Pills to-night.

Take Beecham's PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 NOW

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP
Have you any wool? Yes Sir. Yes Sir!
and BAGS of NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

The terrible pain and helplessness of Rheumatism . . . ended . . . for good! by removing the cause with URACE Brand TABLETS.

FREE SAMPLE to all sufferers from

NEWBERY & PHILLIPS, Ltd., 33m, Bonner Street, London, E.C.1.

1 & 3 . . . From your Chemist.

URACE
BRAND TABLETS

Now for Your OWN XMAS PRESENT!

ENTRR the "Fitting Phrases" Free Competition on pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29. Six separate cash prizes of £20 each are going to be awarded for the placing of 7 phrases which most aptly apply to the 7 advertisements appearing in each section of this simple competition.

See pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

A TRIBUTE FIT for a KING

HIDDEN beneath the soil of more than five hundred parks in all parts of the kingdom is a national tribute to the King, intended for the occasion of the silver jubilee of his accession next year, that will probably delight him more than any other.

At the moment it consists of recently planted bulbs—millions of them, 250,000 in the case of the London parks alone, and all of them British.

When they bloom next Spring, painting those parks three times more vividly than ever before with the rich hues of tulips and daffodils, and bringing into millions of not-too-eventful lives a cheerfulness and brilliance they have rarely known before, the problem of "a tribute fit for a King" will have been solved for ever.

It is a beautiful inspiration, this scheme that has been worked out on behalf of the British bulb industry with the co-operation of the Ministry of Agriculture, the Office of Works and scores of local authorities throughout the country.

And it will be ten times more enjoyable to their Majesties, when they drive out to see them, because this brave show of colour will mark the final triumph of a great and ever-growing British industry over forty-five years of difficulties that have sometimes seemed insurmountable.

Grim struggle

British bulbs have at last won pride of place in British soil. That will be the joyful message of hundreds of millions of nodding blooms of surpassing loveliness next spring. We shall see the look of triumph in their faces, but not the story of the grim struggle it has been.

They will not be able to take us back forty-five years ago to the days when the British bulb industry was born.

It began with five enthusiastic Lincolnshire amateur gardeners — prominent among them Mr. J. T. White, who died recently at the age of eighty-three, just when the triumph of British bulbs over the foreign article became certain—sending two hundred bunches of snowdrops and a hundred bunches of double daffodils to Covent Garden market.

They were lost among the mountains of blooms imported from Holland, France and other countries. Hardly a soul in the market noticed them. But, then, who notices the acorn from which the mighty oak springs?

Four years later these Lincolnshire pioneers "lifted" twenty acres of bulbs, enough to astonish market authorities, who thought it impossible to grow bulbs in this country. A now prosperous British industry had been born!

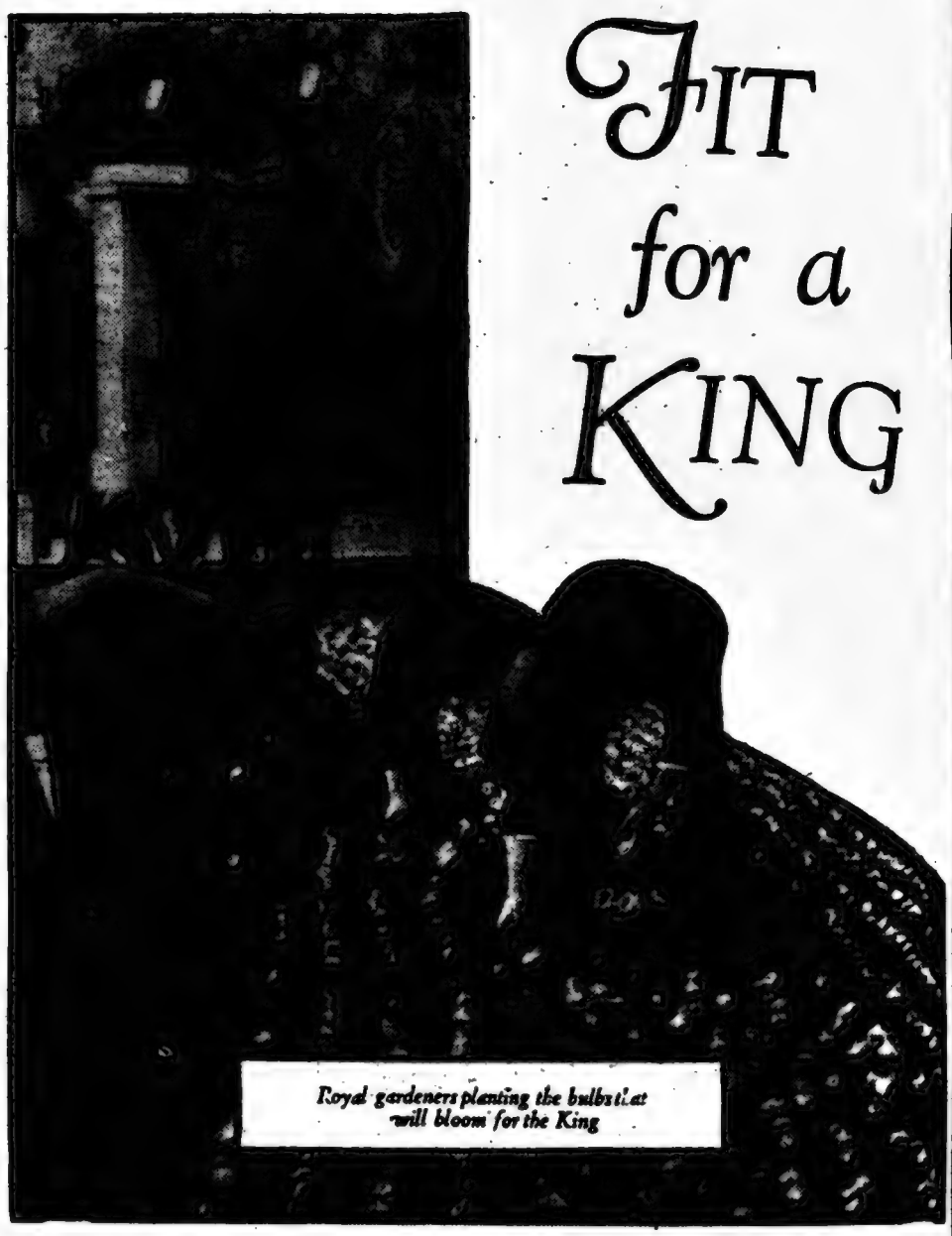
Oh, the struggles of those early days! What infuriating prejudices had to be met. What courage it needed to go on when, as sometimes happened, the British crop was bad just at a time when the Dutch had a vintage year. The difficulty of getting people to pay slightly higher prices for goods which—let us be honest about it now—were not always worth it.

Here's a secret

And the secrets we had to unearth. We didn't realise, at first, that there is something more behind bulb farming than putting bulbs in suitable soil and waiting for them to multiply, that the Dutch flower farmers had their secrets just the same as the dye industry or the steel masters!

We thought the Dutchman wore wooden clogs because they looked interesting. Go to Lincolnshire to-day and find out the *real* reason.

In the Holland district of Lincolnshire you will see Englishmen of medium size and weight who seem to have nothing more to do than to walk backwards and



Royal gardeners planting the bulbs that will bloom for the King

forwards over the soil. And, indeed, that is the job they are paid to do.

The only way to propagate lily bulbs successfully is to plant the mother bulbs in shallow trenches and get men in wooden clogs to keep walking over them. In that way they crack the outer skins of the bulbs and set up the first stage of the process that yields as many as thirty progeny from one mother bulb.

Hyacinths were slow

It took us years to discover that. They were years of wasted effort, serious loss and constant disillusionment, as far as rearing lily bulbs was concerned. But to-day we can provide lily bulbs as good as, if not better than, any other country can supply.

Then there was all our heartburning over hyacinths. To be quite candid, we have lagged with hyacinths more than with any other type of bulb, and not until recently have we learned to produce a first-rate article.

We had one bitter failure after another, until we discovered the method of preparing each bulb in lime and distilled water and keeping it in a suitable chamber at just the right temperature.

Not even to-day can we produce the best qualities in sufficient numbers to offer a serious challenge to the foreigner, but in three or four years' time we shall be able to do so.

From some sandy strips near the seashore at Berrow, in Somerset, we are getting hyacinths every bit as good as the best that are imported. They are sold at the same price as the foreign article. One man who started with a few bulbs four years ago has already reached an output of 100,000.

It is a sign that we intend to win supremacy with this difficult bulb just as we have done with the tulip, crocus, snowdrop, lily, iris and others.

We may well be proud of the position we have won already. We imported 9,000,000 lb. less of cut flowers from Holland in the first ten months of this year than in the corresponding period of 1931. True, cut flowers are not bulbs, but it is largely a triumph of British bulbs.

In 1933 no fewer than 14,000,000 home-produced bulbs were set in English soil. The number set this autumn is expected to be vastly in excess of 18,000,000. Next year we should top the 20,000,000 mark.

That will mean indisputable supremacy!

To-day there are 7,000 acres for the production of dry bulbs in the district round Spalding, in Lincolnshire, alone. The industry has become a thriving one in Devon, Cornwall and Somerset as well, and a start has already been made on an appreciable scale in Yorkshire and other counties.

Plenty of suitable soil is available—now we have learned *how*.

Gift for everyone

Why, one British store alone gave a single order for 250,000 bulbs this autumn, and another for 150,000, and both have expressed themselves satisfied that British bulbs are best.

Many people have found that out already.

And as one year follows another, more and more people realise that it is better to have bulbs grown under home conditions than those reared under conditions totally dissimilar from those ruling in this country.

Those vast and colourful carpets of flowers that will rush to full bloom in hundreds of our parks next Spring under the steady gaze of the sun will encourage hundreds of thousands of people to buy British bulbs.

And so, intended as "a tribute fit for a King," they will be of benefit to every lover of floral beauty in the land, King and commoner alike.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

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5. They all come back for more.
6. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

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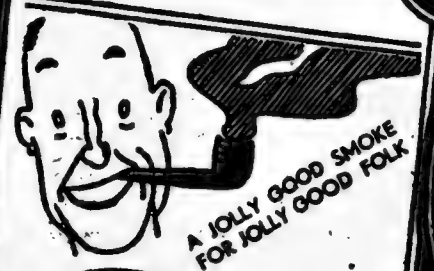
A



5D HALF OUNCE

BOAR'S HEAD TOBACCO

B

FATHER CHRISTMAS *says...*

To make the Kiddies happy at Christmas *EVERY* gift should please as much as

'Golden Shred'
THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE

C

Have you played

LEXICON
THE NEW CARD GAME

"Lexicon" is the most interesting, ever-changing, fascinating and amusing Card Game ever invented—simple to learn and easy to master. Any number can join in the fun.

Read what
Mr. FLOTSAM and
Mr. JETSAM say:
"'LEXICON' is admirable, and is also a fine wit sharpener.'

Obtainable from all Stationers, Stores, etc.
Buy a Pack To-day 2/6
Copyright fully protected by the makers, John Waddington Ltd.

D

MARS
THE HEALTH FOOD

BIG IN NOURISHMENT & SIZE. SMALL IN PRICE
Contains Eggs, Butter, Milk, Malted Milk and good Chocolate

2D A LARGE BAR

E

CHIX
FOR A
CHANGE
Real chicken broth in 1d. cubes.
Harry Peck & Co., Ltd.
Devonshire Grove, Ldn., S.E.15

F

READY IN 3 MINUTES
FINEST SCOTCH OATS
FOR GROWING CHILDREN
BEST
ONLY 7½d. PER PACKET
GIFTS FOR USERS.
FREE COUPON IN PACKET.

A daily breakfast of real Scotch porridge made from Allinson's Windmill Oats gives energy, strength and stamina and also ensures sturdy children. A real safeguard against winter ills.

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The large 7½d. packet contains free coupon. For full list of gifts write: Allinsons, 210, Cambridge Road, E.2. Ask your Baker or Grocer for a packet to-day.

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G

You could have saved this!

Take "SURE SHIELD" THROAT TABLETS and prevent throat and mouth infection.
A GARGLE IN EVERY TABLET.
ALL THE WISE IODISE!
'SURE SHIELD' BRAND
IODISED
THROAT TABLETS
Guard your throat.
FROM ALL CHEMISTS:
8½d. and 1/3 per tin.

6 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 6) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 6

Other Free £20 Contests on pages 14, 16, 23, 25 and 27

6 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

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(Section 6) Write clearly in Ink.

Have YOU entered the FITTING PHRASES Free COMPETITION!

£120 Cash Must Be Won.

On pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29, "John Bull" offers £120 (six separate cheques of £20 each) in cash prizes which must be won. All you have to do is to place 7 phrases which in your opinion most aptly apply to each of the advertisements on each page. No Entrance Fee! And there are two Free Coupons on each page. Get busy now and send in all the entry forms.

Turn to

Pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29

RACING
GREYHOUNDS
FOOTBALL
1/-2/-2/6 5/-10/-20/-
UP TO ANY AMOUNT CAN BE INVESTED BY LETTER in accordance with rules.

"CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE
FOOTBALL LISTS
SIX LEAGUES
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED
FIVE LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

£1,000
FOR 12 RESULTS
Free Entry Every Week.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
147 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send Racing Rules and particulars of £1,000 FREE.

Name .....
(I am over 21 years of age.)
Address .....
J.B.
Town..... County.....

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My Happiest YULETIDE REUNION

I SAT alone on Christmas Day, trying not to think unkindly of my three sons, for it was the first Christmas since my widowhood I had not heard from them.

I realised they were too far away to visit me this year, but, no letters; a tear of self-pity found its way out.

Then I was thrilled by a knock, the postman at last, I thought. But three big men burst into the room, and my "babies" were shouting each other down with "A Merry Christmas, Mum."

They had all arranged this reunion as a surprise, hence no letters.—*"Proud," Penge.*

Humdrum, but . . .

Handling perhaps £100,000 yearly, I'll be glad to return to a whitewashed cottage where mother's got to look twice at every penny to make ends meet.

There'll be no cocktails or junketing. Instead, we'll sit by the fire, and dad will tell of his work in the pit, while mother will interrupt to speak of friends who've gone and newcomers who've arrived.

A humdrum Christmas, perhaps. But it gives them and myself the right stimulus to carry us through another year.—*"Cashier." Midlands.*

Back with Them

At the call of a job I'd to leave the old home hurriedly and the good friends I loved.

But they'll be there when I return—some in dirty jackets, others garbed in gay colours. After greeting mother and dad, I'll turn to those others which never failed me when life seemed dark; which gave me hope and comfort when the future seemed to be nothing but a dole queue, stretching to eternity.

Hurry on, Christmas, for the glad reunion with my hard-bought shelves of books.—*A. L., North Yorks.*

Worth It

Having neither time nor inclination to care for them both, we decided the mother could stay; the son must find a home elsewhere, though the dear little fellow didn't want to go.

Three months later, whilst buying the presents, we came face to face with him, his eyes full of joy at the meeting.

As, in the meantime, his mother had died, we bought back "Jock" at twice the price we'd sold him for. Even so, the amount wasn't too high for the reunion with our little Yorkshire terrier.—*Reunited, Durham.*

Returned

A sailor's wife, I was feeling very depressed at my husband leaving for a long voyage just two days before Christmas.

A few hours later I read with horror that his ship had foundered, and many of the crew were drowned.

Frantically I read the names of those saved, but could only believe my husband to be one of them when, on Christmas Day, I beheld him, one of the survivors, returned to spend the holiday with me, instead of ploughing the ocean.

It was certainly my happiest Christmas reunion.—*Mrs. B. C., Newcastle.*

Delight

About a fortnight before Christmas several years ago, I was taken ill with scarlet fever. It was a great disappointment to me when, after all the preparations for a happy Christmas, I was taken to hospital.

A week later another patient was put into the bed beside mine, and you can judge my delight when I found it was a cousin I hadn't met for five years.

It was my happiest reunion, for it came just in time to brighten what would otherwise have been a very dreary Christmas for me.—*M. W., Stockport.*

Restored to Family

My beat, one night, led along the street my family had lived in years before, and the movements of a shabbily dressed man caused me to question him.

He mumbled something about "doing no harm," and then, by the light of my torch, I recognised my brother, who had left home seven years before.

I took him to my home that night—I was married and did not live with my parents—and next day he went with us to spend the Christmas Day with the old people.

No words of mine could convey the happiness of that reunion.—*H. B., Purley.*

Home Again

It was like a dream, that Christmas.

I walked down the little village street my feet crunching in the crisp, clean snow. On either side were trees, their snow-laden boughs glistening like a million crystals in the morning sun.

And from the little village church, against a background of white, came the strains of "Christians, Awake!"

But it was no dream. It was my happiest reunion—reunion with a real old English Christmas, after seven years in the intolerable heat of India.—*I. J., Ely.*

Relived Bygone Days

A hungry nipper clad in rags stood outside the door one snowy Christmas Eve and piped out in a weak voice: "Poor little Joe, out in the snow. . . ."

Mother fetched him inside and we had a wonderful time. Time passed. . . .

One Christmas Day in Flanders, a newcomer sang that same refrain. I told him when I had heard it last.

It was the happiest Christmas reunion when he proved to be that half-starved kiddie, and we once again relived that wonderful Christmas Eve of bygone days.—*J. E. K., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Crowning Happiness

When I was five years of age a serious illness left me totally blind. For fifteen years I lived in the dark, and then, just before Christmas, 1917, my sight was restored, as the result of an accident.

That Christmas was for me the most perfect of reunions, for although I had lived with my mother, father and two brothers all the time and had heard them and been able to "feel" them, I had always longed to see them.

To crown my happiness, my father was able to obtain last-minute leave from France.—*Miss H., Camden Town.*

Pleasant Surprise

One Christmas Eve, after six months' unemployment I swallowed my pride and appealed to my well-to-do brother.

There had been no reply to my letter, and my wife and I set out to do the Christmas shopping with considerably less than ten shillings between us.

On our return we found a taxi at the door, and loaded with Christmas cheer. My brother had decided to play Father Christmas in person.—*C. H. N., S.W.6.*

* * *

My happiest reunion was when two days before Christmas I was handed a little green card. It meant work for me, work after an enforced rest of over three years —*M. B., Kilmarnock.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 by first post Monday, December 24.

My Day-Dream

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on December 22

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) GRIMSBY v. Wednesday.
(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. Stoke.
(3) Leicester v. Portsmouth.
(4) PRESTON v. W.B. Albion.
**(5) SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool.
(6) HOTSPUR v. Leeds.
(7) Wolverhampton v. MANCHESTER C.
*(8) ASTON VILLA v. Blackburn.
(9) CHELSEA v. Middlesbrough.
(10) DERBY v. Arsenal.
(11) EVERTON v. Birmingham.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) NOTTS COUNTY v. Hull.
(2) Oldham v. WEST HAM.
(3) PORT VALE v. Bradford.
(4) Sheffield U. v. Brentford.
(5) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bury.
(6) SWANSEA v. Norwich.
(7) Barnsley v. Fulham.
*(8) BOLTON v. Blackpool.
(9) Bradford C. v. Forest.
(10) Burnley v. NEWCASTLE.
**(11) MANCHESTER U. v Plymouth.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Q.P. RANGERS v. Boscombe.
(2) SOUTHEND v. Orient.
(3) SWINDON v. Newport.
(4) TORQUAY v. Watford.
(5) ALDERSHOT v. Exeter.
*(6) BRIGHTON v. Millwall.
(7) BRISTOL ROVERS v. Gillingham.
(8) Cardiff v. Bristol City.
(9) CHARLTON v. Reading.
**(10) C. PALACE v. Northampton.
(11) Luton v. COVENTRY.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) DONCASTER v. Halifax.
(2) Gateshead v. Mansfield.
(3) Hartlepools v. Rotherham.
(4) New Brighton v. LINCOLN.
(5) Southport v. WREXHAM.
(6) STOCKPORT v. Chesterfield.
**(7) YORK CITY v Rochdale.
(8) ACCRINGTON v Barrow.
(9) CHESTER v. Tranmere.
*(10) CREWE v. Walsall.
*(11) DARLINGTON v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Albion Rovers v. DUNDEE.
(2) CLYDE v. Ayr United.
*(3) HAMILTON v. Hibernian
**(4) HEARTS v. Falkirk.
(5) KILMARNOCK v. Celtic.
(6) Queen's Park v. Airdrie.
(7) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Motherwell.
*(8) RANGERS v. Dunfermline.
*(9) ST. JOHNSTONE v. St. Mirren.
*(10) ABERDEEN v. Partick.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*A*); Southern Section—10 (*H*); Northern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*H*) would indicate Sunderland, Newcastle, Crystal Palace, York City and Hearts.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 8/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 6½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 6½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR. Write or call to-day for Illus. Winter Catlg. of wonderful Bargains. Bigger profits without risk. Buyers interested.—RAYON SILK CO. (J.), 8, Friday St., E.C.4.

BIG PROFITS ASSURED.—Send for Wholesale Price List of 600 Keen Lines in Hosiery, Smallware, Toilet Goods, Fancy Lines, Stationery, etc.—Fox Bros., 36, Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

FREE.—Illus. 1934 Cat. and 1935 Supp. List. Haberdashery, Hosiery, Razor Blades, etc.—M. RADNAN, LTD., 103, Shudehill, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organization for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 9, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 269, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 90,000 successful pupils.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write particulars. Home Study Course. 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 60 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Rudolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8112.)

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Schedules, Magazines, Price Lists, Dup. Books. All kinds of Stationery. Samples 2d. Mead's (60), Sandy

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Unedem," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA, 130 articles, Jugs, Basins, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 16/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 42 cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hdware Cat. Catlg. & Guide, 9d. with 2/- FREE.—Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

"CARNIVAL." Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free.—BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List JB1943 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

OPERA GLASSES in case. 9/6, post free. Worth 16/6. Can't repeat. Cash refunded if dissatisfied. S. B. Lees, 101, Huddersfield Rd., Oldham.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 223, Mile End Road, LONDON.

2/6 DEPOSIT secures your smartly tailored D.B. blue melton overcoat. The quality will surprise you. Balance by ten fortnightly payments of 2/-. Postage 1/-.—State chest measurement over waistcoat.—PREMIER STORES, 67, SOUTH STREET, KEIGHLEY, YORKS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 73 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barries, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WRITE for a free catalogue of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair, which can move automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The Free Catalogue gives details of this chair and other Berkeley models.—Address: H. J. Searle & Sons, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 70/72, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

FREE.—Illustrated catalogue of Cycles, the World's best Rad's and unbeatable electric goods and toys. Write for free copy to the head Office, Currys, Dept. J.B., 24/28, Goswell Rd., Ldn., E.C.1.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

DOUBLE your radio enjoyment by adding a STENTORIAN Permanent Magnet Moving-Coil. Remarkable increase in volume and new vivid realism. Write for special free leaflet describing this wonderful adjustment to Whiteley Electrical Radio Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.34), Radio Works, Mansfield, Notts.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (6338), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 2/-. Boots, etc. or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

VARICOSE VEINS
ULCERS and all Skin Complaints PERMANENTLY CURED without leaving a scar. "After suffering with Ulcers for FOUR YEARS my leg is COMPLETELY CURED by your treatment." So writes Mrs. Woodcock, 83, Elm Park Road, London, S.W. Send 3/- for trial size, or write to-day for generous FREE SAMPLE and Booklet. —LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

CROUP.—VAPO-CRESOLENE allays irritation, relieves coughs and difficult breathing.—Write for Booklet No. 48N to ALLEN AND HANBURYS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.2.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.12), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

ASPRO is a friend in need at this time of the year, for it smashes 'Flu or feverish cold attacks quickly. Keep a packet of Aspro handy and keep 'flu and chills away.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Pieces (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 9,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J.B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

FREE.—Write to Dept. 67/18, Euthymol, 80, Bear Street, London, W.1, and you will receive a free 7-day sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which makes your teeth pearly white and kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds.

FREE.—Send your name and address, and that of your confectioner, for a free sample of each of the seven varieties of Riley's Assorted Toffee Bols. Simply send a postcard to Riley Bros., Ltd., Halifax, mentioning *John Bull*. Note: No sample can be sent unless you send your Confectioner's name.

A FULL list of gifts offered by the makers of Allinson's Wholemeal Oats will be sent to all who write to Allinsons, 218, Cambridge Rd., Ldn., E.2.

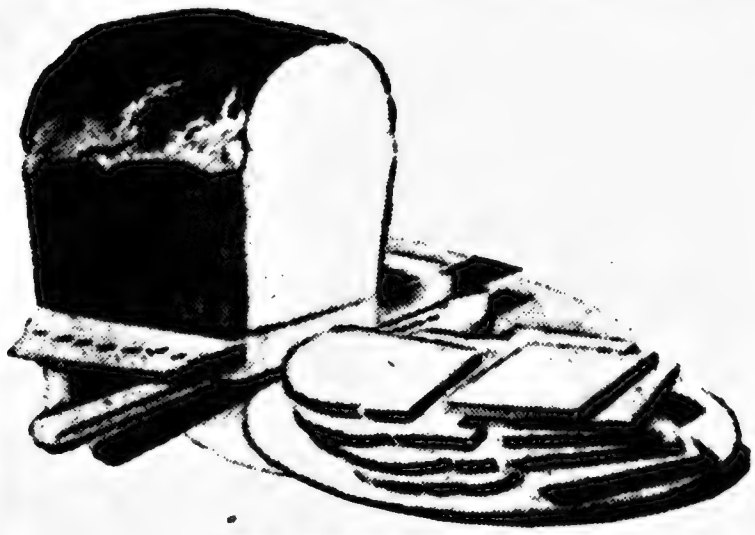
THE N.S.P.C.C. invites your assistance and help in the prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children—work towards which all sympathetic hearts should open at this time of good will to others. Send a Christmas donation to the Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

THE flavour in Rowntree's Table Jellies is just like eating sun-ripened fruit. They contain real fruit juices—ideal for children and grown-ups. See page 21.

A FREE booklet every woman should read—"Here's Good Health" explains in an interesting and convincing way why de Kuyper's Hollands Gin is advised by many medical men. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy, which will be sent post free to John de Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. See p. 22.

25 SOLID Silver Tankards are being given away by the makers of Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider in a simple competition on p. 12. Simply write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete the advertisement. Closing date, Dec. 27. Send in your entry now!

THE Aladdin Paradiant is a perfectly designed Heater that can be carried from room to room with perfect safety. Its heat is derived from paraffin, and once filled the heater will burn for 24 hours with no attention, and at a cost of less than ½d. an hour. There are no cinders, dirt or dust to clean up; no mess or fumes, and the paraffin is easy to store and use. Truly this heater appears to be the answer to every housewife's plea for heating with less trouble and expense. Ask your Ironmonger for a demonstration. Send for catlg. to Aladdin Industries, Dept. J.B., 100, Aladdin Bldg., Greenford, Middlesex.



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an *extra* slice of bread at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS MUTUAL ASSOCIATION
C.F.H. 103

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 12.

Mrs. Bullock says: "In my home fireplaces are quickly cleaned"

"IN my home the fireplace is the thing people see the most of, so it's the thing I am judged on. If the grate is bright and shiny, the whole room seems well-furnished and cosy. It's then I am most thankful I became a Zebo user—I don't mind who sees my grates. It's so easy and quick to clean them with Zebo. I find the best way is to give the grates a quick polish frequently. Any woman who uses Zebo can keep her grates just as smart as mine. And the tin is so handy." — *Mrs. Bullock, of Upper Norwood.*

The modern LIQUID GRATE POLISH *Also* ZEBRA *in paste or packets*

EASY WAY TO BRIGHTEN GRATES **ZEBO**

USE YOUR XMAS LEISURE . . .

to win a Fine Prize and Bonus

"JOHN BULL'S" BIGGER NEW X-WORD PENSION & FORTUNE

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £600

£100 between all Runners-up.

BONUS AWARD of a Giant **NEW YEAR HAMPER** added to each Prize of £1 or over in this contest

BONUS AWARD value X-word Season Ticket—to every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope **£2**

HERE is a bright little puzzle to keep you amused for an hour of your Christmas leisure—and your opportunity of winning a Life Pension of £6 monthly with a fortune of £600 cash will give a tremendous fillip to filling up the squares.

The Clues prepared by our Compiler for this problem are like a handful of crackers containing conundrums. Some are easy to answer, but others need careful thought and common-sense argument.

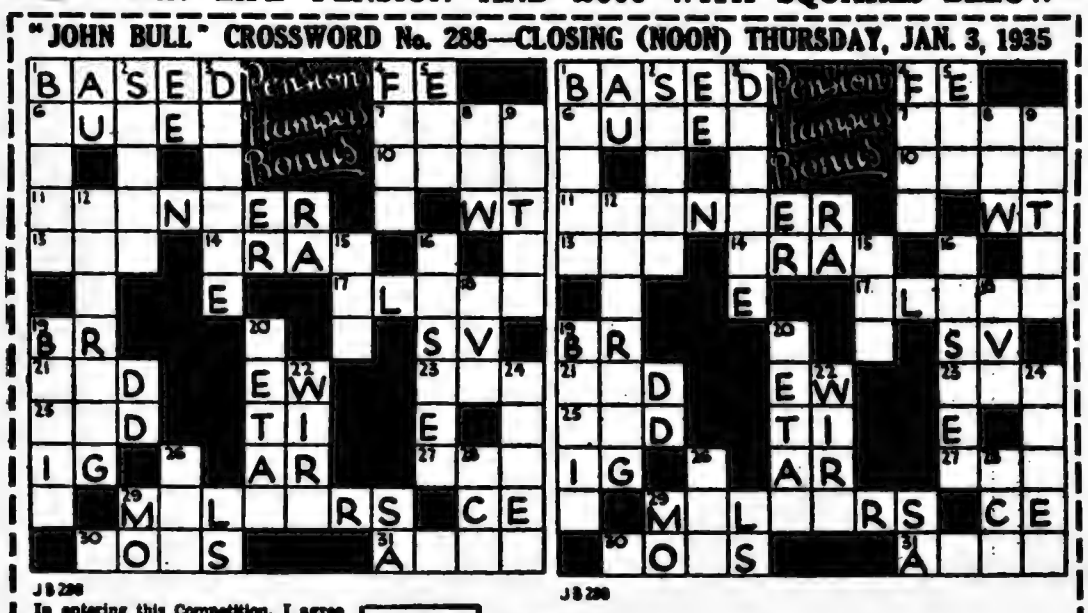
Even if another competitor beats you in this battle of wits, remember that there is the fine sum of £100 between those who just miss the top of the prize-list. Bonuses of Crossword Season Tickets, each value £2, are also offered to Runners-up as announced. And to every prize of £1 or over "John Bull" will add a Giant New Year Hamper, brimful of seasonable luxuries and including an excellent Fowl.

Noon on Thursday, January 3, is the closing time of this contest. Remember this if you want to begin 1935 with a big Crossword success!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 10, 1935, and winner in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 17, 1935.

WIN LIFE PENSION AND £600 WITH SQUARES BELOW!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 288—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1935



J B 288

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 288—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1935

J B 288

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 288,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

1935 X-WORD SURPRISE COMING

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Solution and Winners in Competition No. 286 will be published in "John Bull" next week as announced.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 284. 45 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £2 4s. 6d. have been despatched.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Founded
6. Opposite of "inner"
7. Youths
10. Keep out of a prohibited one
11. Usually accompanies lightning
13. Series of games at tennis
14. What greedy people do
17. Foreigner
21. We're always glad to be this of a cold
23. Cut out coal
25. Most common conjunction
27. How boss is usually addressed
29. They grind corn
30. Good gardener destroys weeds wherever he does this
31. War's dangers increase through these

DOWN

1. People often forget to make these fast
2. Wood supports heavy weights when it is this
3. Work is done untiringly by
4. Is often seen at top of building
5. Some play piano by this
8. Early morning moisture
9. Tempts some women in shops
12. Is sought by fishermen
15. Some pack up their troubles in this
16. Good ones are associated with Christmas
18. Lived in the Garden of Eden
19. Dressmaker uses this to advantage
20. Sun intensifies its brightness
22. Another word for telegram
24. Hardware shop stocks variety of these
26. Is not much use when it becomes spotted
28. Frost produces it

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, January 3, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" two weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."

Each entrant may also submit four such entry forms from next week's announcements.

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 17, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 29, 1935. In accordance with directions given with result, any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

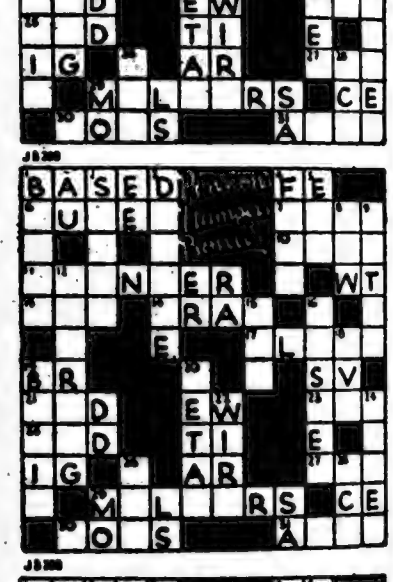
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

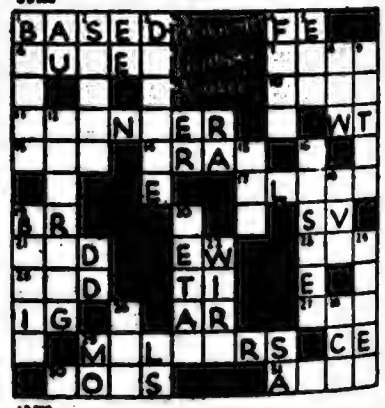
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

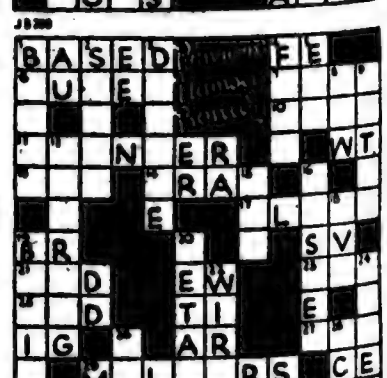
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.



J B 288



J B 288



J B 288

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

alybridge).—
think it's
to talk to
It depends
r you listen.
).—" A foot-
nce of mine
tooed." Fed
rs, we sup-

apstead).—" I
majority of
are mar-
ains." The

).—" You can
that art is
very exist-
noticed that
s have their
ll.

chester).—" I
wenty retired
d a recent
r a shoe repairer." The

(Eastbourne).—" I never
e other day how polished
er passage." Then you
it?

nley).—" Although I am
going in for riding. Do
ll like it?" If you can
bit.

sgow).—" When a man
agement, how does the
e it?" Straight to her

erness).—" Should people
or playing cards?" The
recently at bridge should
he played.

swport).—" What is the
torm on the sea of matri-
a wife sails into her

or).—" What is more un-
carrying heavy parcels
at Christmas?" Carry-
et book after shopping.

marnock).—" Having read
you agree that I had the
Yes, but the other fellow

).—" A street vendor sold
x for a box of matches—
ess?" We should say it's

ksop).—" Don't you agree
are always better than
robably change your mind
ing.

derland).—" I habitually
t watches." You must
lenty of time on your

(Romford).—" Because I
little urchins a shilling
more carols outside my
notes?

elsea).—" In order to keep
or concert work I always
-mile walk before break-
to be as fit as a fiddle?

Preston).—" I find that
not supply shopkeepers
stomers of a bank." They
al with persons of no

ane).—" Making love to a
when you know that her
ot you on sight, is thril-
e." It is flirting with

mouth).—" Did you know
e commercial traveller is
comedy producer?" He's
interesting lines.

r).—" When my wife said
t in the cellar I became
told her she was wrong.
d." And you had to climb
nd.

sworth).—" What does a
en she wants to have a
and her husband refuses
" She has a Christmas

—" Is it true that a man
make sparks fly from his
it happens when he is
the deaf-and-dumb lan-

tford).—" My little girl,
hough unable to read, has
titude in picking out her
when the postman comes."
recognises the halfpenny
account rendered.

ulwich).—" Our legs will
nd shorter." So the time
a full-grown man will be
himself from a two-seater
ating his body like a con-

hester).—" The inhabitants
arts of this county have
county council and police
tor-cycle clubs from hold-
als in quiet parts." They
next trial will lead to

T. R. P. (Perranporth).—"The village band played carols outside my house for two solid hours." And then you offered them a little liquid refreshment, perhaps?

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The KID

B. Y. (Jarrow).—"What would Father Christmas be without a long white beard?" Recognised.

F. S. (Ely).—"The plumber arrived exactly at 9 a.m. on Thursday morning as he had promised." His watch must have been twenty-four hours fast.

Clockmaker (Hove).—"Slackers at their job get short shrift from me." You've no time for them.

Manufacturer (Birmingham).—"In my opinion the best watches and clocks were made in the last century." Those good old times.

Superstitious (Kew).—"Every year I wish after eating my wife's Christmas pudding——" That you hadn't?

G. P. (Manchester).—"As a signalman, I'm taking the principal part in an amateur play here next month." You should know your lines.

S. W. (Crewe).—"I miss the real old-fashioned waits this Christmas." You should aim more carefully.

A. N. (Salisbury).—"At what particular moment does ice begin to thaw?" As soon as we start getting our skates ready.

G. F. (Birmingham).—"Many football grounds I've visited are now being decorated with flower-beds near the touchline." Things have come to a pretty pitch.

H. R. (Brechin).—"Why are there so many articles written about frost-bitten hands just now?" Well, look at the amount *of* raw material there is.

T. L. (Liverpool).—"Of course everyone has his ups and downs." Especially the poor unfortunate who happens to get the seat at the end of a row in a kinema.

L. D. (Hoxton).—"Unfortunately some people find it difficult to get sufficient coal for Christmas." And some find it easy. They go carol singing.

Mrs. S. (Liverpool).—"My neighbour is always praising her son. Personally I think he's overgrown." Whereas she says that most boys of his age are undersized.

D. S. (Richmond).—"We have lots of novices at our golf club, but it is not doing well." We are not surprised that it is losing ground.

Fur Dealer (London).—"I find that bearskins are falling out of favour just now." We suppose, however, that bears still stick to them?

Old-Fashioned (Rochester).—"I like to spend Christmas in the good old Pickwickian style." And have the dickens of a time.

F. T. (Chertsey).—"I know a well-to-do man who has oysters every morning for breakfast when they are in season." His daily dozen?

Mechanic (Oldham).—"I have an infallible scheme for making 'buses go faster." So have we—signalling them to stop.

Director (Elstree).—"You can take it as fairly certain that the final scene of most films is shot earlier in the production." It's a foregone conclusion?

D. F. (Hornchurch).—"I like Christmas because everyone is happy and there is no ill-feeling." Except the after-effects of over-gorging.

Physiognomist (Harleston).—"I make a study of reading faces and can tell by a man's mouth whether he is telling the truth or not." But you can't accuse a bearded man of telling a barefaced lie!

J. M. (Exeter).—"What is the greatest number of prizes won by a competitor?" Well, this week's *Bullets* First Prize-winner will hold the record. Win it and if you live no longer than thirty years, you'll get over 10,000 reminders of your success, including £600 cash.

Baker (Bootle).—"After only a few months at my present job my boss has made me responsible for mixing the yeast and he tells me he is very pleased with my work." You hope for a rise?

F. L. (Harrow).—"I know many domestic servants who are enthusiastic about jig-saw puzzles." Well, our maid once spent hours trying to fit over 100 pieces together but finally had to confess about the broken vase.

Host (Peterborough).—"How can I make sure that my Christmas guests have plenty to amuse them in the time between meals?" Do you actually believe there is going to be any time between meals?

Electrician (West Bromwich).—"What would you call a customer who ordered and received no fewer than a dozen electric radiators, and who now that I've presented my bill keeps finding fault with them?" A warm customer.

E. M. (Peterborough).—"Owing to the failure of other artists to arrive promptly our trapeze troupe had to give an extra ten minutes' display." You naturally objected to being kept hanging about like that.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

I guarantee a CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN IN 1 WEEK ...or you don't pay a penny

A great skin specialist has proved that any woman can now obtain a fresh clear skin, free from blackheads and all blemishes, by the daily use of predigested dairy cream and olive oil. These are now contained, together with nourishing tonic and astringent ingredients, in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. It sinks down into the pores and removes the deep-seated grime and dirt that soap and water can never reach. Blackheads are dissolved away. Enlarged pores soon contract. The darkest, roughest skin in a few days becomes soft, white and smooth. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood makes face powder stay on twice as long; makes the powder spread so smoothly and evenly that it becomes practically invisible on the skin. Every woman is *guaranteed* a soft, clear skin and a complexion of fascinating girlish beauty in 7 days with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood or money refunded.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL
BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Rod, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.
J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW
Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

STOMACH PAINS and GALL STONES
Mrs. FRENCH, 23 Maxwell St., St. Helens, Lancs., writes:—"I suffered with intense Stomach Pains and the doctor said I also had Gall Stones. My friends and family were concerned at my decline. It only seemed to be a matter of time as to how long I should live. As a last resource I was recommended to take Vitadatio and after taking the medicine for 3 months, I was a new woman. All that haggard listlessness is gone and I can enjoy life as I did before my illness."

Vitadatio
SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS
Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier. Invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special Bottles for export only, 21/-, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

to every reader with or without family responsibilities

CHRISTMAS, with all its jollity and good cheer, is almost upon us and JOHN BULL's most sincere wish for every one of its readers is—a real good time By that, JOHN BULL means all the fun of the festivities *and* a mind free of anxiety for the future. That is where *we* can help. JOHN BULL offers its wonderful Free Family Insurance Gift . . . the gift that means SECURITY . . . the gift that enables you to face the future with confidence . . . the gift that means a helping hand in times of need and misfortune.

Under its comprehensive Insurance Plan, JOHN BULL protects yourself, your wife, your family and your home against many of the numerous common perils of everyday life.

Look at the Benefits which JOHN BULL, among all the newspapers in the world, alone offers you. It safeguards your home against the risk of Fire, Storm or Flood Damage, and it provides Sickness Benefit. In addition there are Benefits for Accidents in Home and Garden, on the Sports Field and Children's Accidents. Other wonderful Benefits include protection against loss by Burglary.

And here is yet another magnificent feature of JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL is the only paper to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to *every* Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

Think what it will mean to you to receive JOHN BULL's practical assistance should the cloud of misfortune descend upon your home.

Fill up the forms below. Don't hesitate—do it now!

IMPORTANT

Look out next week for an announcement of vital interest to every reader.

"John Bull" – The *only* paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood, and Sickness Benefits

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/12/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 22/12/34

BRITISH LEGION ANNUAL PRICE 2/6

KEEPS THE CHILDREN QUIET FOR MANY HAPPY HOURS

PUBLISHED BY.. DEANS

PRICE 2/6 **BOBBY BEAR'S ANNUAL** PUBLISHED BY DEANS

FULL OF FUN FOR CHILDREN

BULMER'S CIDER COMPETITION RESULT

The following 25 Competitors have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the 11th Bulmer Contest.

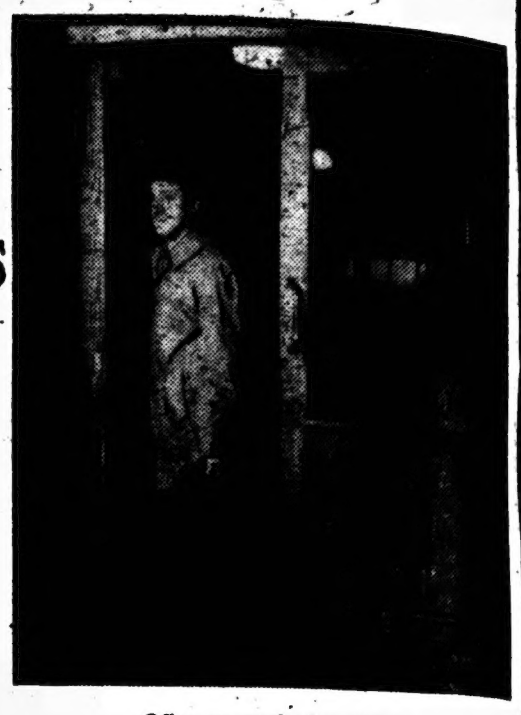
Details of another Bulmer Contest are announced in this issue.

Frank Bell, 12, Linenhall St., Banbridge, Co. Down, Ulster; Thomas Briscoe, 3, Wrexham Rd., Pentre Isa, Broughton, nr. Wrexham; C. B. Colmore, Claines, Worcester; Mrs. Agnes Costello, 1762, Maryhill Rd., Glasgow, N.W.; Mrs. Elsie Dart, 32, Lodge Rd., Southampton, Hants; N. L. Davies, Francis Chambers, Pontardawe, Swansea; Miss K. Denny, The Cottage, Gt. Barrow, nr. Chester; J. A. Dodd, "Larkspur," Larkhill Av., Upton, nr. Birkenhead; Mrs. Edwards, 38, Denmark Rd., Northampton; Miss G. Evans, 16, Beach Rd., Littlehampton, Sussex; Mrs. A. Frost, 106, Tennis Court Drive, Humberstone, nr. Leicester; James W. Howarth, 15, Cremorne St., Meedows, Nottingham; Mrs. M. Jervis, "Parkheime," 55, Dundee Rd., Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent; D. M. Jones, 62, Fieldview, Magdalen Rd., S.W.18; C. Louis, 16, Ridgeway Gardens, Ilford, Essex; A. W. McNair, Lewdown, Devon; C. A. Moore, 56, St. Paul's Rd., Bristol, 8; Mrs. A. Minshull, 146, Harehills Lane, Roundhay, Leeds, 8; Alfred Newman, South Lodge, Wargrave Manor, Berks; Nurse Northcott, 82, Townshend Av., Devonport, Plymouth; Mrs. Winifred Rowat, 15, Balgores Lane, Gidea Park, Romford; Mrs. C. J. Summers, 10, Parr Wood Road, Didsbury, Manchester; Mr. E. Sykes, Croston Rd., Garstang, Lancs.; Kathleen J. Trott, 39, Brantwood Rd., Herne Hill, London, S.E.24; Mrs. E. Wright, 95, Cambridge Rd., Barnes, S.W.13.

SEE PAGE 12 FOR DETAILS OF A FURTHER OFFER BY BULMER'S.

"I'M FATHER CHRISTMAS all the Year!"

—says the "Bullets" Interviewer



Off to see another big winner!

THROUGHOUT the year I go all over the country to collect accounts—and yet everybody is glad to see me!

Those accounts, you see, are only verbal ones. They are the words in which winners tell me of their struggles, their hopes, their successes and their plans for the new future opened up by a big *Bullets* prize.

One of my most interesting trips of the year was when I went down to South Wales to call at 25, Gaskell Street, Newport. Some winners, I notice, strive to conceal what they are feeling. But I have never seen one more delighted than was Mrs. M. Richards with her £1,500 prize in our 923rd Contest.

It was William, her son at the local steel works, this soldier's widow told me, who made up her striking *Bullet*, STILL LEADING — BRITAIN FOR "ENDURING THINGS." And I soon found that the hardships of unemployment had given this household more than its share of "enduring things." But I left mother and son excitedly discussing plans for something enduring of their own, a new home.

At Northampton it was my pleasure to call on Mrs. Bailey, wife of the caretaker at the School House, Northampton Avenue. It was amusing to learn from this grey-haired woman who had won £1,000 and £20 yearly for life that she had been a dunce at school. Yet she made up that telling *Bullet*, MERCIFULLY —LAST JUDGE ALSO "FATHER."

Another visit I remember particularly was when I drove out from Rotherham to call on Mr. H. Robson, "Lyngarth," Brampton Road, Melton.

Again I found a home which had been under the shadow of unemployment—and it was good to hear this young electrician telling of his plans for using the £1,600 won with his *Bullet*, BRAVE FIGHT—HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.

"No more dole, but independence in a business of my own!" Those were his words, and all who have known what it is to be workless will be able to understand his feelings.

It was a sunny July afternoon. I remember, when I sat talking to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Turner in their neat little garden at 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham. Then they had hardly realised the full significance of the Friday message which had suddenly brought Mrs. Turner a £5 weekly Life Pension, £1,000 cash—*and something else which is almost too wonderful for words.*

* * *

Soon I shall be chatting with them again. This time it will be January, 1935. And whilst I shall go back to Long Acre, their route from London to Nottingham will be one of over 29,000 miles, chasing summer round the world in s.s. *Empress of Britain*.

After my Nottingham visit I "collected accounts" from an Essex writer of short stories, a Bristol civil servant, a Bradford coach trimmer, the gas-works manager at Morpeth, a Manchester clerk, a St. Anne's-on-Sea tailor's assistant, an Isle of Wight printer, and other big winners as well, including Mr. T. H. Collins, 106, Park Lane, Wallington, Surrey, winner of that colossal Pension Prize of £50 Monthly for Life.

On whom, I wonder, shall I be calling in 1935? Ring the *Bullets* bell with a coupon from opposite page and you will find me on *your* doorstep to congratulate you on winning £600 and a Gift every day for life!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 962

FIRST PRIZE—£1,500 PLUS £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE OR—2,000 GUINEAS

E. A. SMITH, c/o "Oliver Cromwell" (Off-licence), Wood End Green Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

Example: GENEROSITY
Bullet: "SLEEPER" FATHER CHRISTMAS *Awakens.*

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

A. G. BRANCH, E.R.A., H.M. Submarine "Thames," c/o G.P.O., London.
Example: Proud Of His Work
Bullet: Mars Scans Man's Scars.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

G. E. ROBERTS, St George's Road School, Wallasey, Cheshire.
Example: Real Sportsman
Bullet: "Score" Reversed—"Tune" Unaltered.

OTHER PRIZES:

£25: M. JARDINE, 106, Walton Hall Avenue, Walton, Liverpool.
Our Little Regiment—"Household Troops" *Destroying* "Palace."

£20: A. PETERS, 75, Lewes Road, Newhaven, Sussex.
What He Lost—Could Kick War-monger With!

£15: P. N. PARNISH, 50, St. Catherine Street, Strand, Southsea.
Prison—"Puts Weight On" Taxpayer.

£10: W. LEE, 22, Casson Street, Salford.
Generosity—Runs High, "Lower Walks."

£9 10s.: B. G. BEDFORD, c/o Manufacturers, Ltd., Maghull Street, Liverpool.
Better Country—I "Endorse"—Finished "Signing."

£9: Miss M. MACKIE, 1, Milton Villas, Eagle Street, Penn Fields, Wolverhampton.
Dastardly Deed—Bomb Wrecking War-monger's Slums!

£8 10s.: Miss G. M. ILLIDGE, Forge House, Hornby, near Lancaster.
Generosity—"Dips" Deep—Skims Faults.

£8: R. THOMSON, 16, Camnethan Street, Stonehouse, Lanarks.
Public Opinion—Militarists Reject, Though "Healthy."

£7 10s.: G. D. EVANS, 104, Napier Road, East Ham, E.
Our Little Regiment—"Lining" Old Age's "Route."

£7: A. C. TAYLOR, 159, St. Paul's Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.
Generosity—Aiding Foe—Adding Friend.

£6 10s.: Mrs. A. HOLT, 40, Radnor Street, Derby.
Next Year—"Fat," Unless "Heads" Fatheads.

£6: A. ASLETT, 33 Warlingham Road, Thornton Heath.
Real Sportsman—In "Red Coat," *Santa.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5 10s.: H. R. BOYCE, 4, St. Edmund's Road, Southwold, Suffolk.
Our Little Regiment—"Armed" With—My Crutches!

£5: J. TAYLOR, 20, Austin Drive, Didsbury.
Generosity — Giving Willingly — "Willing" Forgivingly.

4 OF £4 EACH:

E. HULL, 35, Rushmere Road, West Derby, Liverpool.
Said Her Mother To Me—"Fido Needs Washing, Mabel!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. G. PYBUS, 6, Coronation Street, Crook, Co. Durham.
At Breaking Point—Plaintiff's Voice, "Making Point."

C. C. SHERWIN, 67, Bridgend Road, Grantham.
Ignored — Father's "Beacon" — *Unsafe* Noticing!

F. STONE, 65, West End Street, Somerset.
Our Little Regiment—"Present" Plates—Pudding "Slopes."

A list of 100 Hamper, 200 Turkey, 300 Christmas Cake and 400 Surrey Fowl winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Vouchers—see page 2

1934 FINE OPPORTUNITIES in LAST HUGE OFFER of 'BULLETS' RECORD YEAR!

£500
GIFT FOR EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE
£50 £25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5
10 of £3
15 of £7-10-
100 BIG NEW YEAR HAMPERS
300 PRIZES
500 UNIQUE GIFTS
1,000 SURPRISE AWARDS
Never previously distributed in any Competition

Cheques, Hampers and Fine Surprises for 1,934 Competitors!

TO-DAY brings you one final opportunity to claim a place amongst the winners in this Record *Bullets* Year. In JOHN BULL'S last huge prize-list of 1934 there are no fewer than 1,934 good reasons for devoting part of your Christmas leisure to *Bullets*.

In exchange for the best effort entered, somebody's New Year surprise will be a telegram of congratulations from Long Acre on Friday, January 11, heralding the arrival of a £500 fortune, augmented by a daily Gift for Life!

For 33 other competitors big cheques are waiting; giant New Year Hampers are going to 100 others; each of the 300 half-crown winners will receive an added Bonus; a further 500 entrants will secure an invaluable collection of *Bullets Bulletin*—and a huge array of 1,000 Surprise Awards, with 10,000 smaller prizes, wind up this last *Bullets* distribution to 1934 winners.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO begin your fascinating task of making a prize *Bullet*, carefully read through the list of *Examples* and mark those which appeal to you most. Jot these down on a sheet of paper, leaving space for any rough thoughts which you are later to shape into polished *Bullets*.

Now bear in mind that a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up with the *Example* to form an apt and original comment. So weed out the superfluous words in your rough jottings and improve upon their phrasing until your meaning is expressed as clearly and neatly as possible.

You might, for instance, select the *Example* STUDYING. Down might go as your rough note *Others—That's Wise Plan*. From that beginning you could readily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, STUDYING — OTHERS — THAT'S LIFE'S "LESSON."

Before commencing, it will pay you to study carefully the winning *Bullets* in this week's prize-list on the previous page.

You are then ready to start on your own efforts, so go ahead and make sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, December 29.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S CHILDREN
MOTHER'S TEARS
STUDYING
WHEN THE CLOCK STOPPED
HER BEST FRIEND
IMMOVABLE
NO SMALL MATTER
BLACK AS NIGHT
BIGGER
SLICE OF LIFE
POOR SUBSTITUTE
NEVER FORGETS
CHEAP
IN AGONY
AT ITS BEST
WANDERING
IN CASE THE CLOWN AND
WITHOUT EXAGGERATING
PITY THE DRIVER WHEN
BONNY THINKS
GLORIOUS LIFE
DISAPPEARING
WHEN THE WORK'S DONE
REFRESHING CHANGE
STOPPED HER
PANDEMONIUM
VACANT CHAIR
ARRIVING LATE
DOWN ON HIS LUCK
IN A MAD MOMENT
FATHER'S PROBLEM
FUEL ON THE FIRE
IN A DINGY OFFICE
HE LOST HIS GIRL AND
PRIMITIVE MAN
LIKE A POLITICIAN

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling £50-a-week *Bull-ets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

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(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

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EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(985) Closing SAT., Dec. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(985) Closing SAT., Dec. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

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